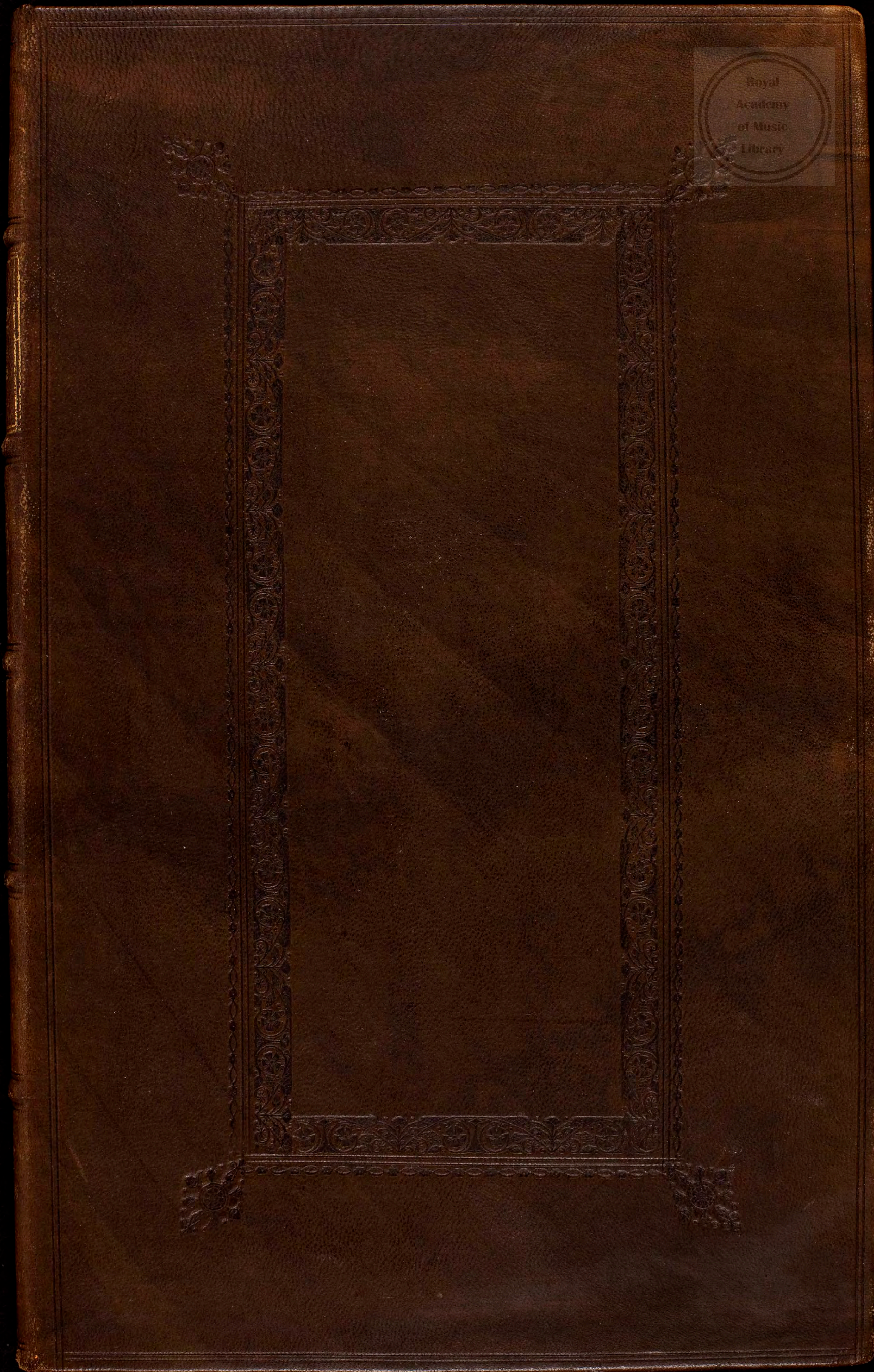


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COMES AMORIS:

OR THE

Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpfichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

THE SECOND BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Tho. Moore* for *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, and
Sam Scott at his Shop in *Bell-Yard* near *Temple-Barr*. 1688.

COMES A MORIS
OR THE
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THE SECOND BOOK



LONDON,
Printed by Wm. Stansfeld, at his Shop in the Strand, near the Middle Temple Church, and
at his Shop in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Royal, 1685.



A Table C
A Gentle
Alfred
Bright
By what I've seen,
Call me no more
Cold and Raw,
Farwel Love,
From a Due Do
For the few ho
How unhappy
How can they
saw the Lais,
Lucinda's lovely
M
The Musical En
Worde made
Mr Henry Purcell
Maggie Chappel
The second Book
Nov. 22. 1684. I
the Jesuits, and of
Dr. John Blow, M.
An Essay to the
The Vocal and
Whitbea, or Ru
Trenconcordia, e
Eadie Lige on the
Vinculum Societatis
Alie all for

A Table of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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Bright <i>Gloriana</i> , By what I've seen,	18	No <i>Silvia</i> no,	4
	13	Now, now we are met and humours,	28
		Now, now we are met, we're resolv'd	28
C		S	
Call me no more untrue, Cold and Raw,	15	Sum up all the Delights,	26
	16	Stretch'd upon the Grass,	24
F		T	
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	22	Tinking <i>Tom</i> was an,	21
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How unhappy alas, How can they tast of Joy,	5	Unhappy 'tis that I,	9
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saw the Lass,		Welcome, welcome,	17
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L		Y	
<i>Lucinda's</i> lovely Charming Face,	1	Youth and Vit do,	10

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Table of SONGS contained in this Book

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17	Welcome, welcome,	3
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10	Youth and Wit do,	1

A	H Gentle sleep,
	A soft downy,
B	Bright Christmas,
	By what I've seen,
C	Call me no more running,
	Cold and Raw,
D	Farwell Love,
	From a Dole of Claret,
	For the few hours of life,
H	How unhappy alas,
	How can they taste of joy,
I	Law the Lass,
L	Love's lovely Charming Face,

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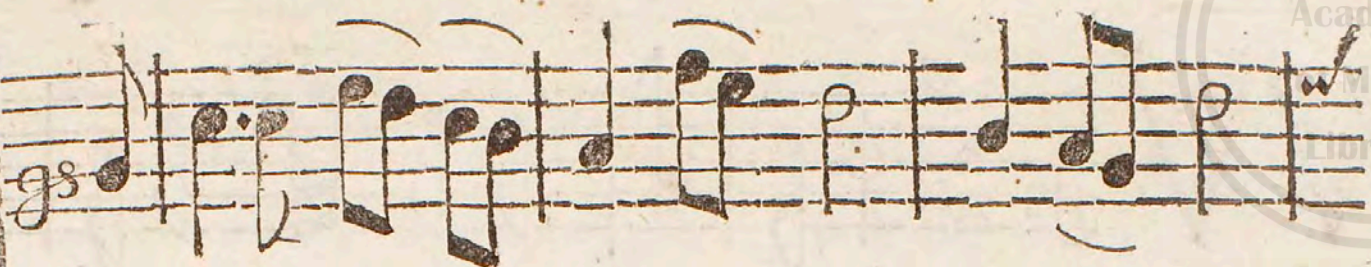
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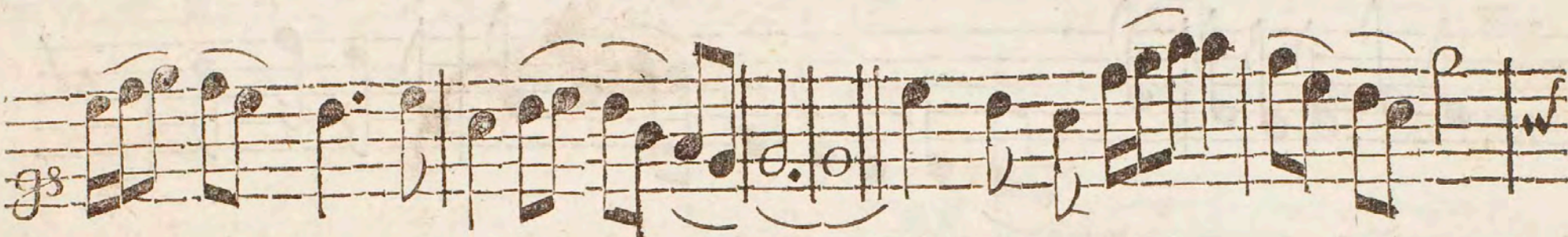
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U-cinda's love—ly Charming Face, Charming Face,



Charming Face, in all its splendour free sweet was the happy time and place,



time and place, time and place I had her Compa—ny, I had her Company.



I with each Minute was an Age,
So blest in Love was I,
I prest her lips and did ingage
What Love could not deny.

Both equally we soon exprest,
Claspt in each others Arms,
My Head upon her Snowy Brest
We lay desolv'd in Charms.

Mr. Sam. Ackroyde.

The Words by Mr. Weeden to Mr. Redding's Tune.

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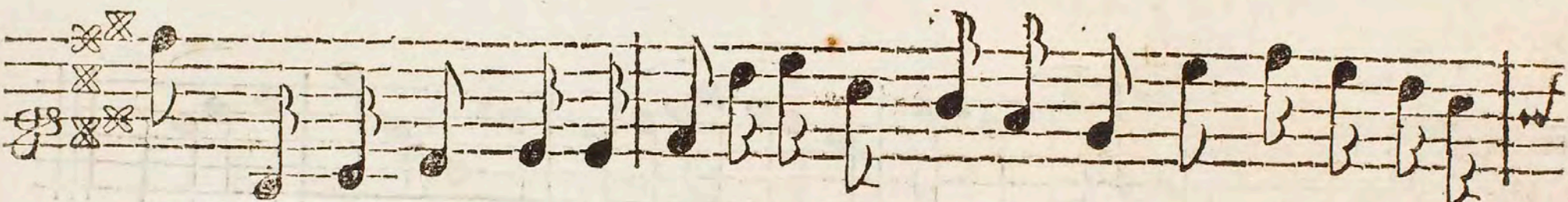
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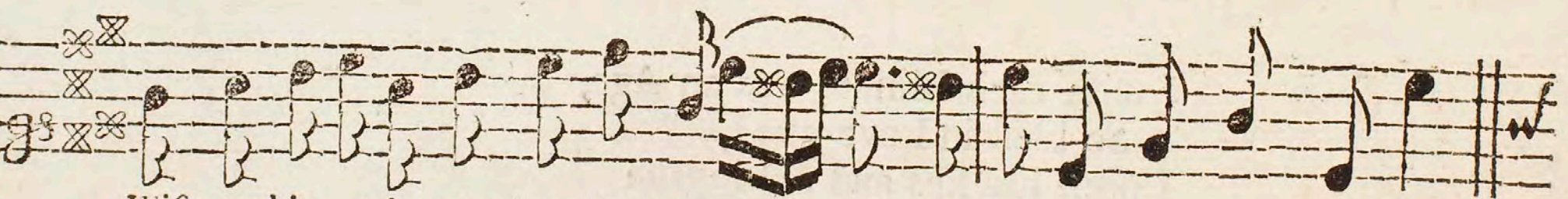
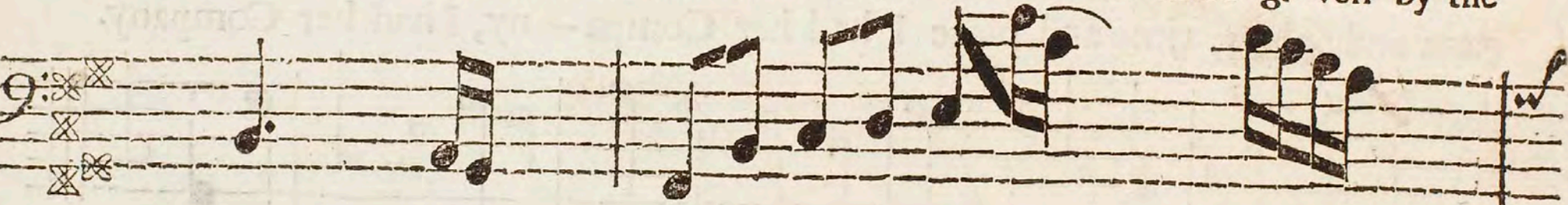
Hen Mony has done what e're it can, and round a--bout



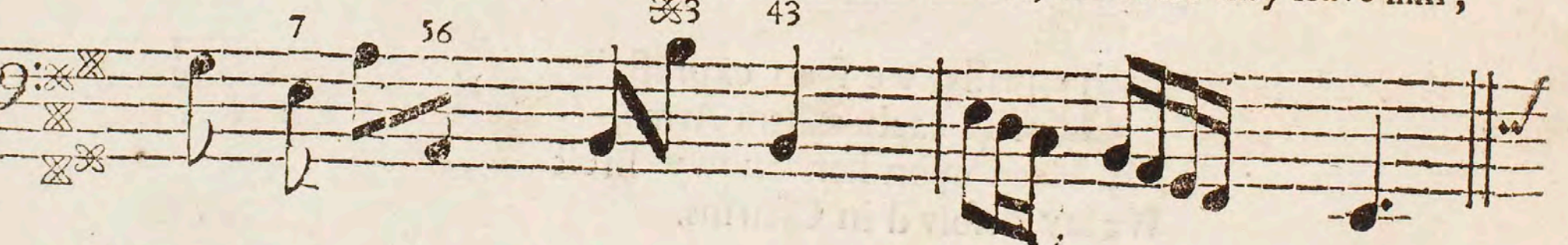
run to pleasure a Man, whose life's but a span, with worldly Joys and the glittering



toys, which do make such a noise as confound all ad--vice that's gi--ven by the



Wife, and in a trice re--duce the wretch to mi--se--ries, and there they leave him ;



Then the World which before for his store did a---dore him, strait seems afraid of one de-

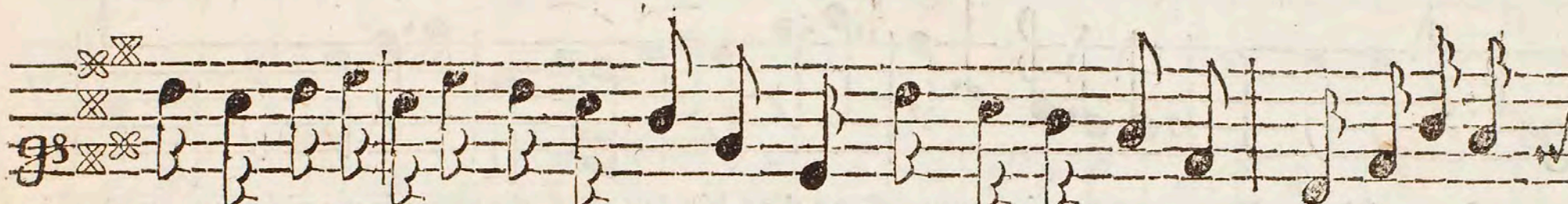
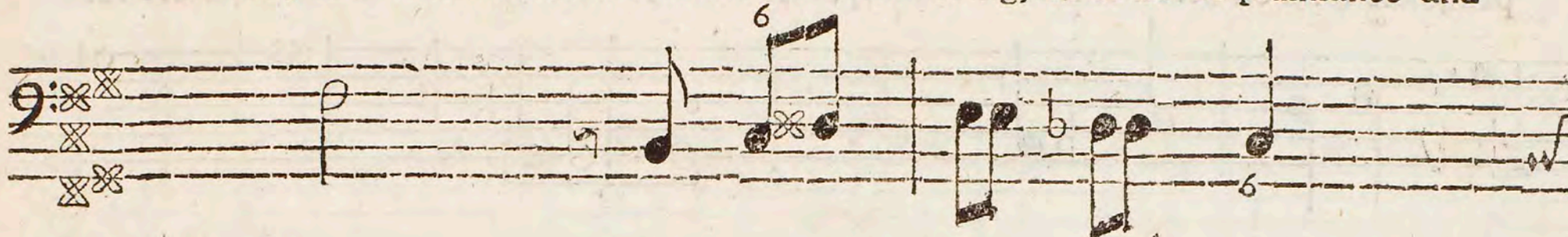




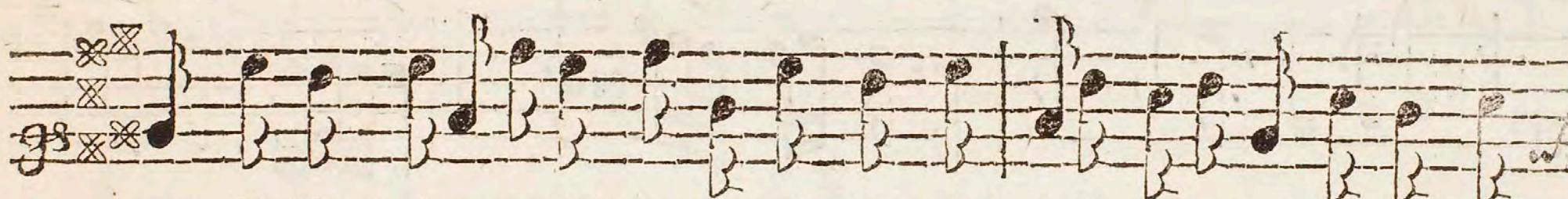
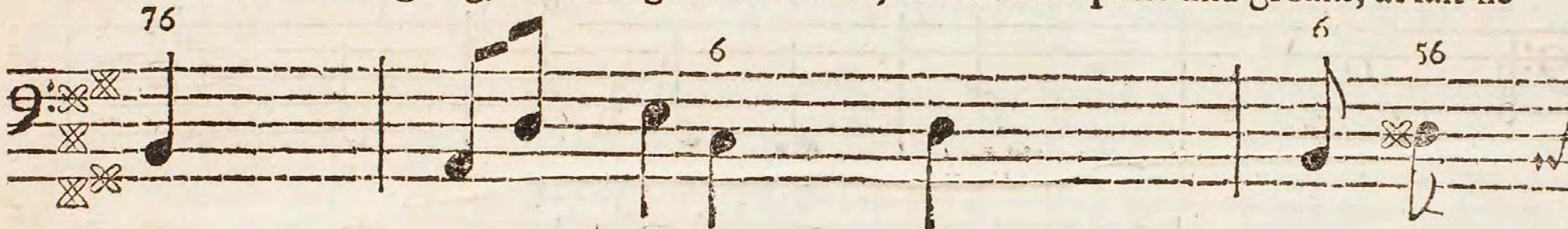
cay'd, and him up--braid of the Wealth which each by's Trade did before de-



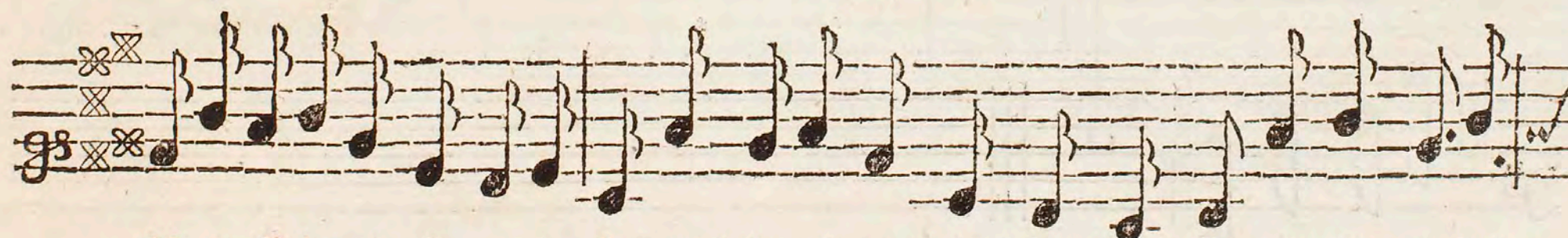
ceive him, but when the Mortal sees his own un--doing, finds his acquaintance and



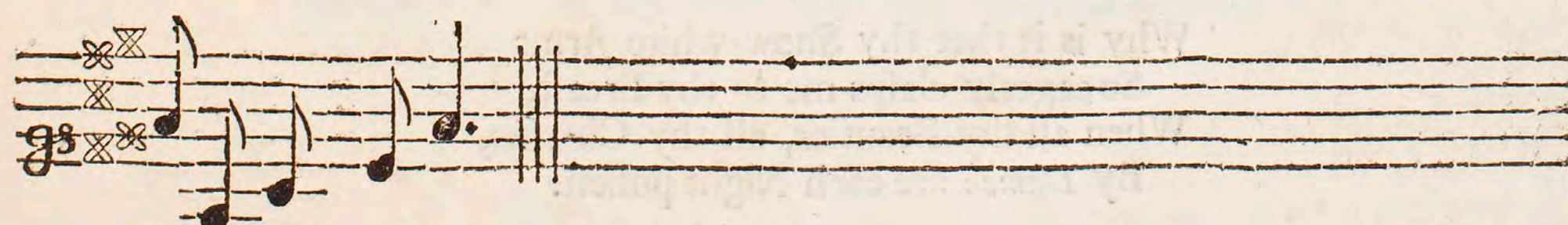
friends are all a going, then he sighs and moans, and then he pines and groans, at last he



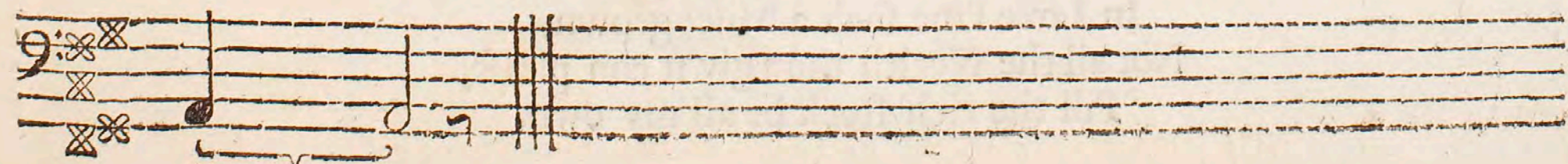
craves, his friends deny, at which he raves & swares he'l die, & thus he cries he ne're was



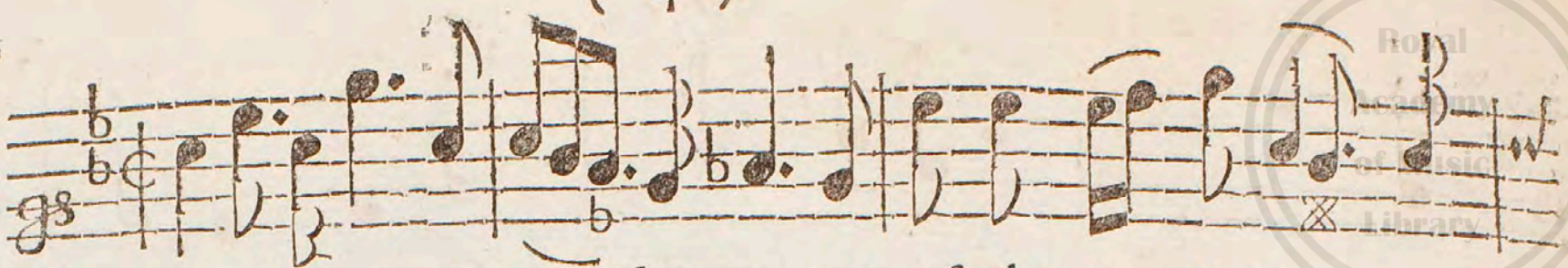
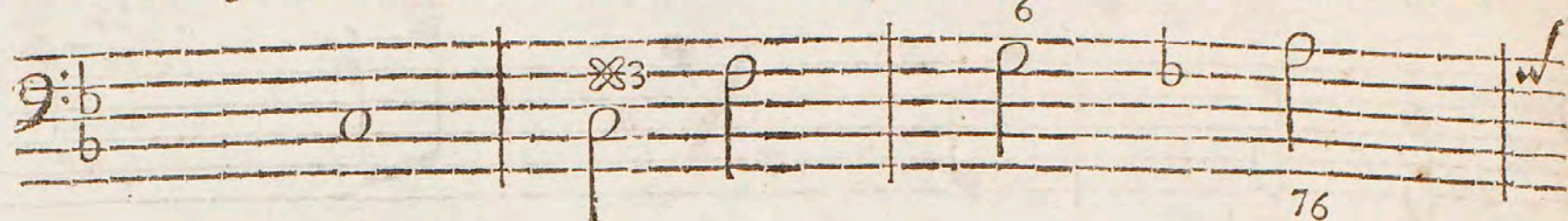
wife until in mi--se--ry he dies, and thus the wretched spendthrift lies, fare him well for



e--ver more, A--men.



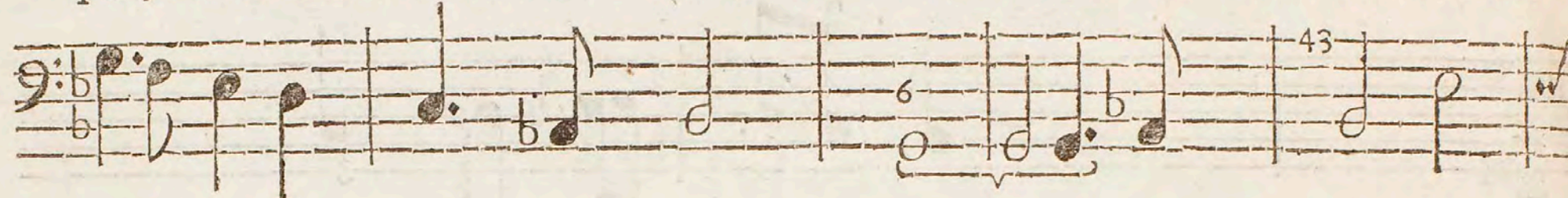
N

O *Sylvia* no, not all thy care can ease thy wretched Lo—ver's

76



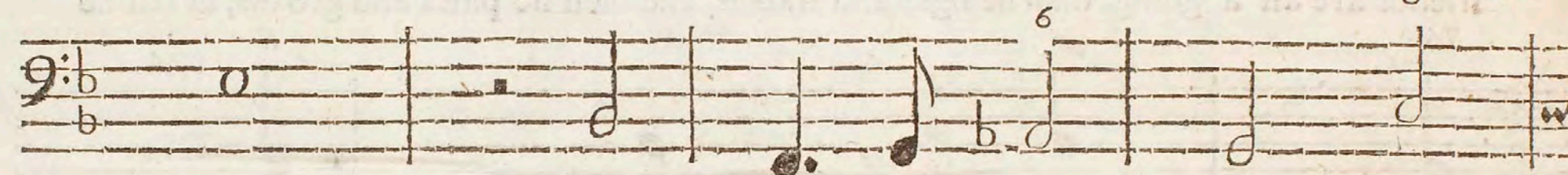
pain, these fond en-dearments thou maist spare, smiles, kisses, ten—der vows are vain



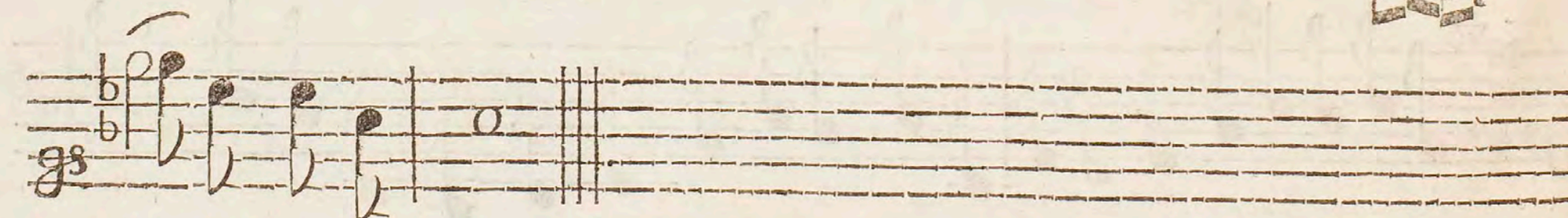
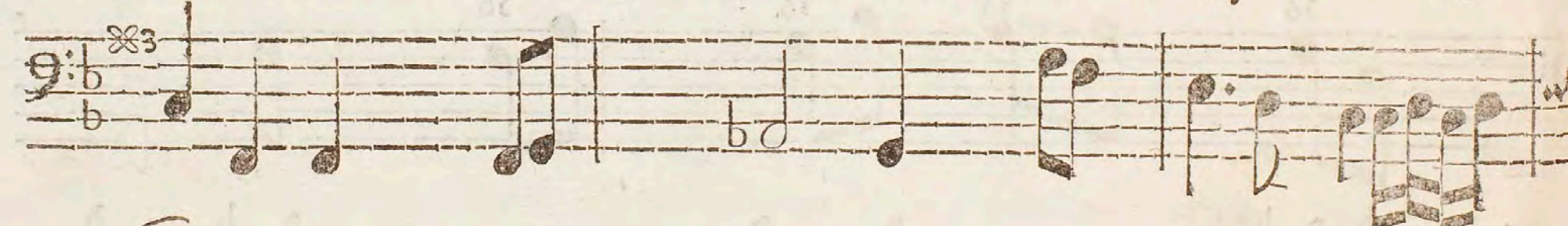
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for cou'd thy Face a way invent to shew thee kinder then thou art it wou'd not give the

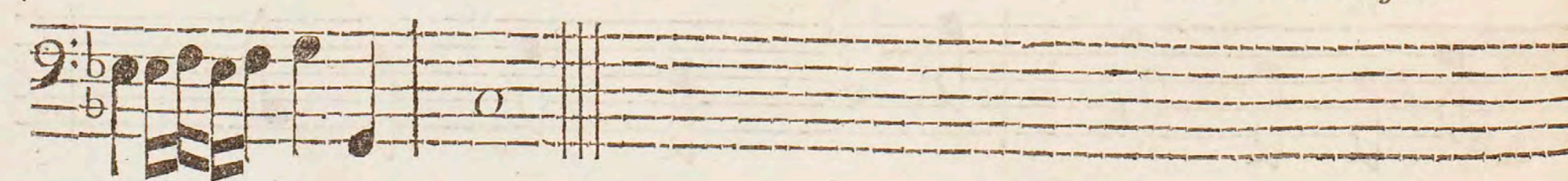


least content, it wou'd not give the least con—tent to my— di—



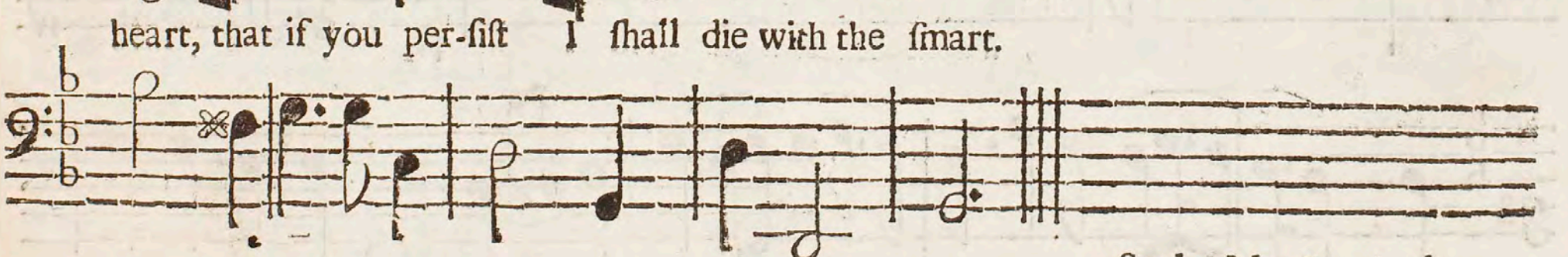
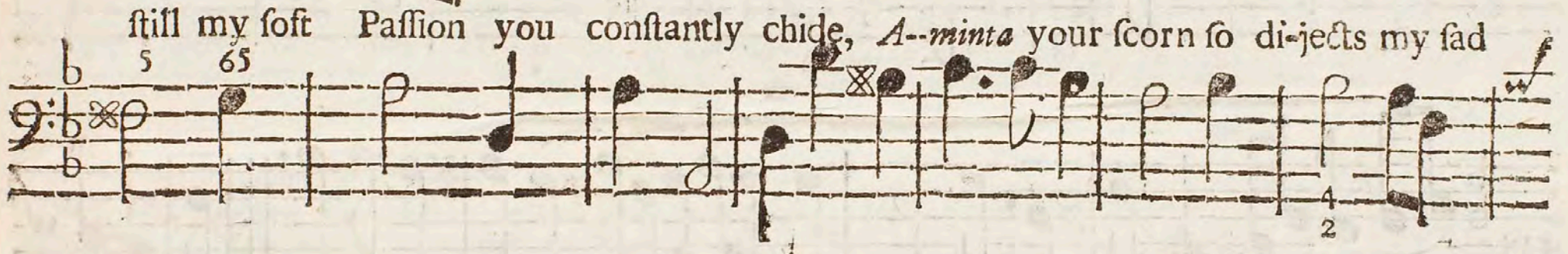
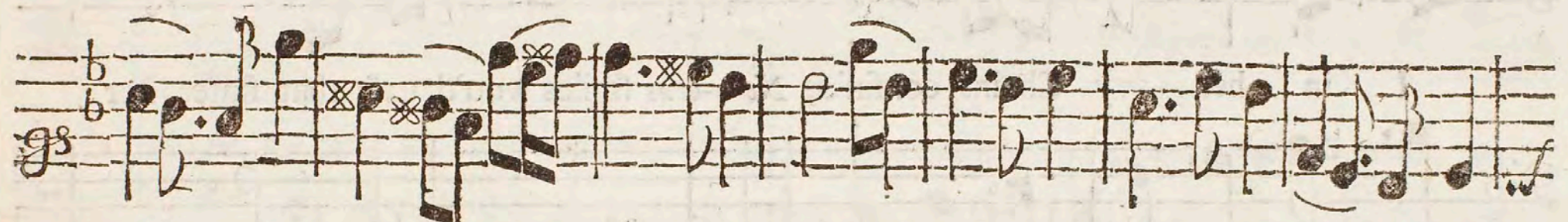
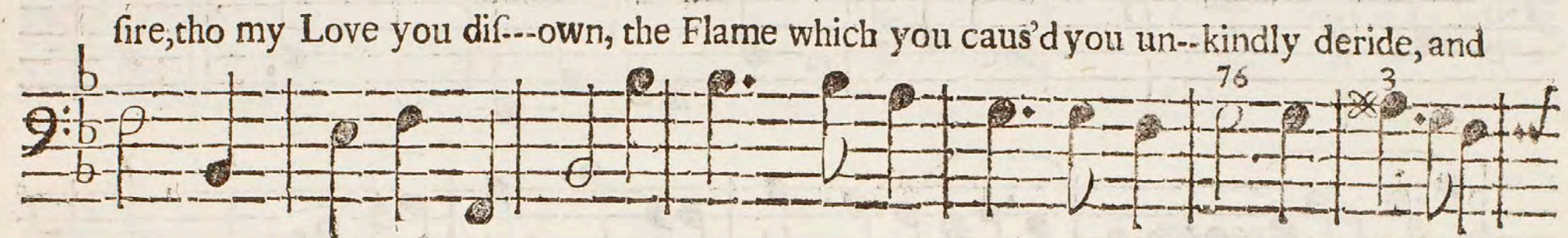
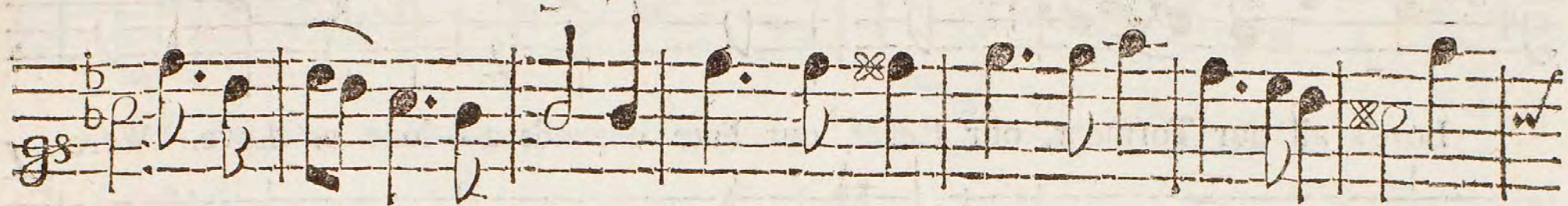
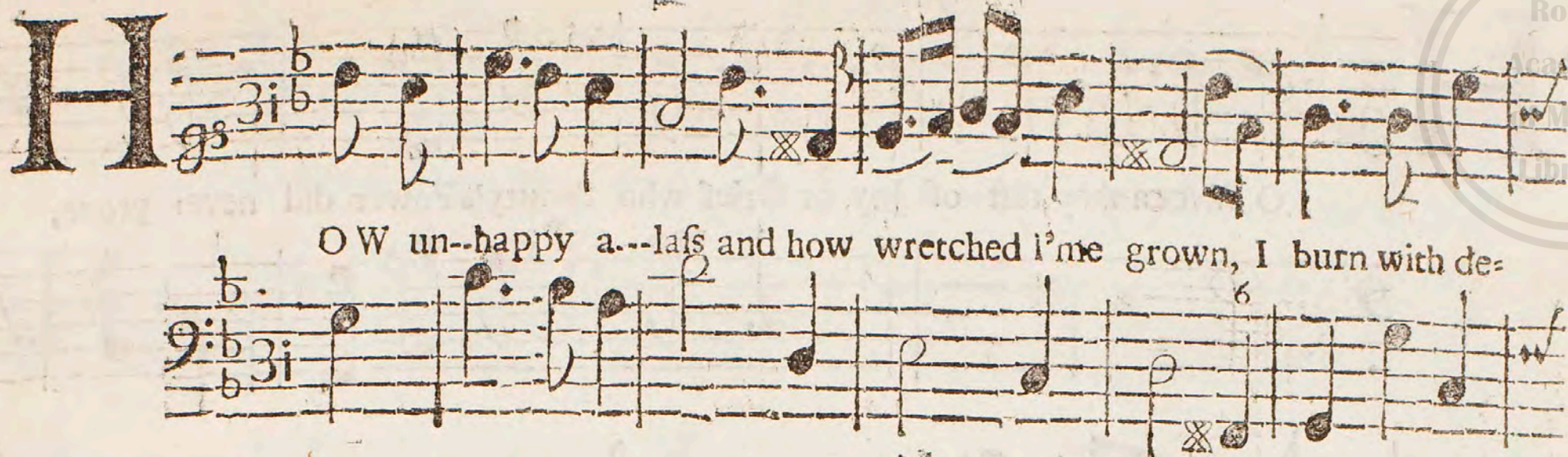
fracted Jealous Heart.

Mr. Peter Ifack.

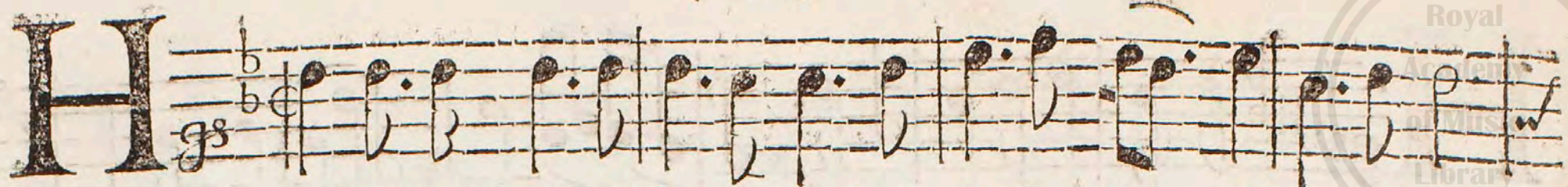


Why is it that thy Snow-white Arms
So eagerly clasps me to thy Breast,
When all thy Beauties, all thy Charms,
By *Damon* are each Night possest.

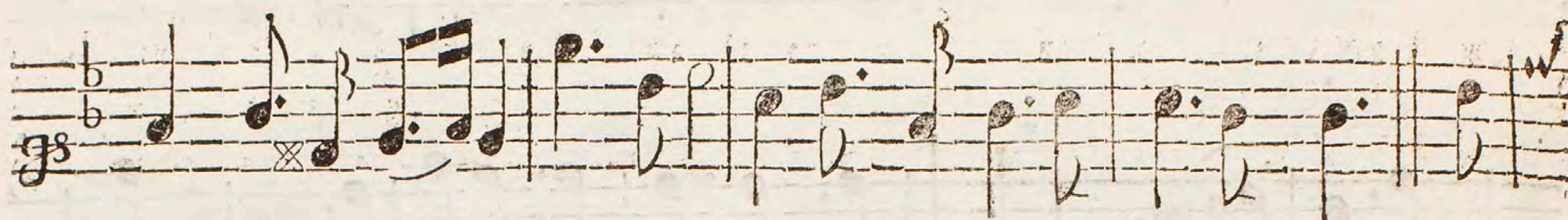
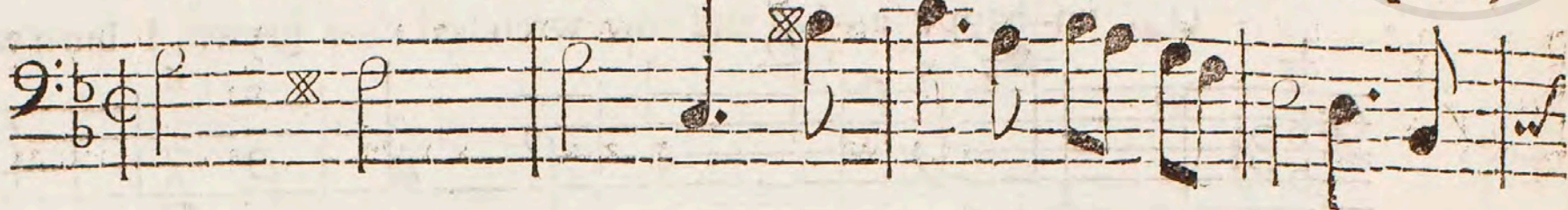
Then strive no more my grief to ease,
In Love I'me such a Miser grown,
Not all the Wealth thou giv'st can please,
'Till the rich stock be all my own.



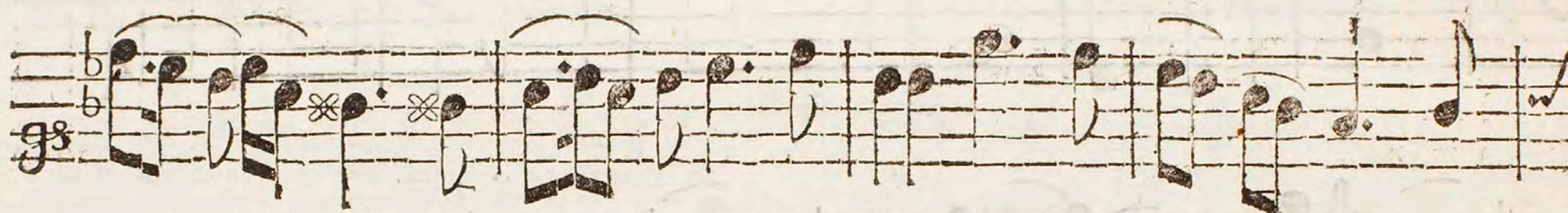
Your Eyes are so bright and so feed the fierce fire,
 VWith Love still I burn and consume with desire,
 I sigh, much opprest, to give ease to my pain,
 But the Flame in my Brest does still burn and remain.



O W can they tast of Joy or Grief who Beauty's Power did never prove,



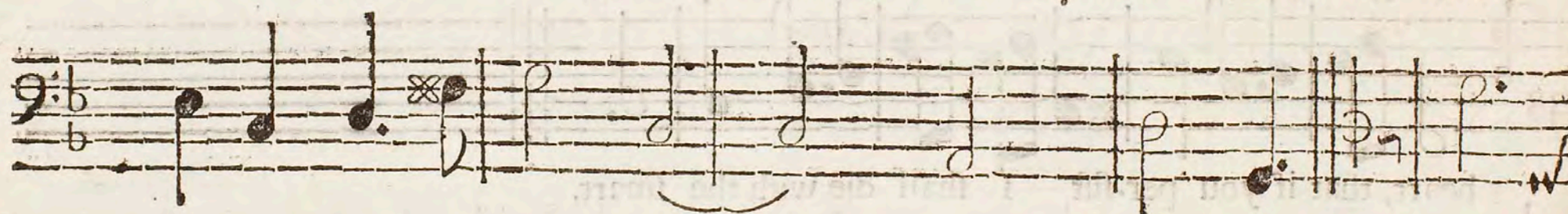
Love's all our Torment, our Relief, our Fate depends a---lone on Love. Were



I in hea---vy Chains confin'd, Ne--er smiles wou'd ease that state, nor



wealth nor pow'r can bless my mind, curs'd by her ab--sence or her hate. Of all the

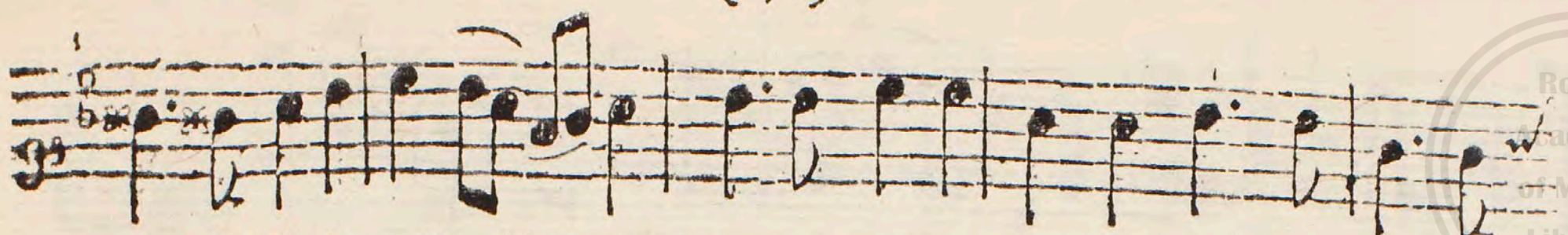


Plants which shade the field, the fragrant Myrtle does surpass, no Flow'r so gay that



does not yeild to blooming Ro-ses gau---dy dress, no star so bright that can be seen when

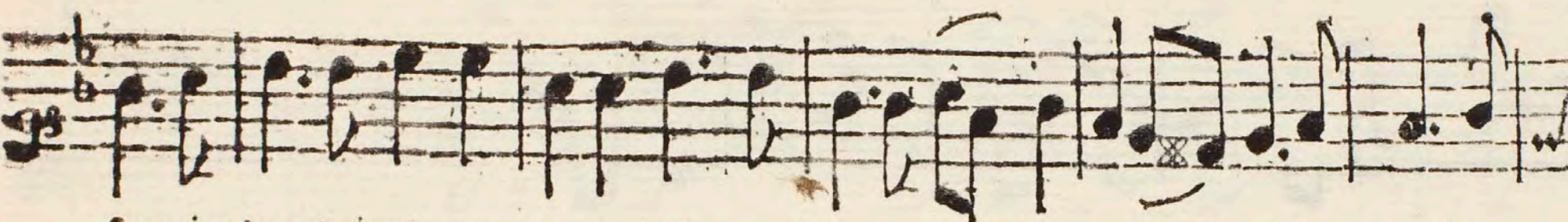




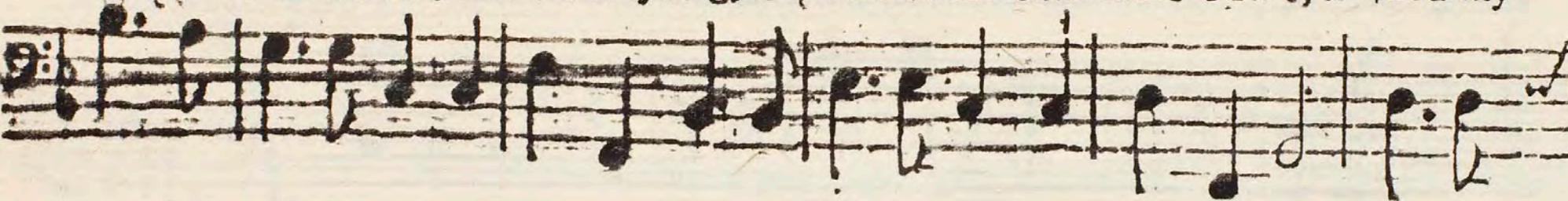
Phebus's Glories guild the Skies, no Nymph so proud a--dorns the Green, but yeilds to



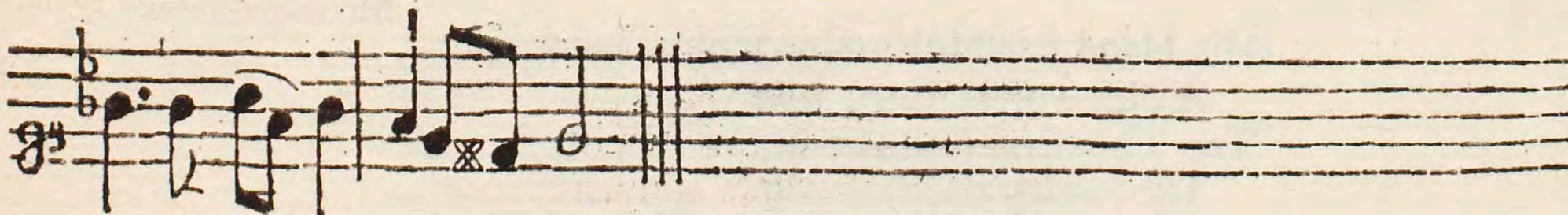
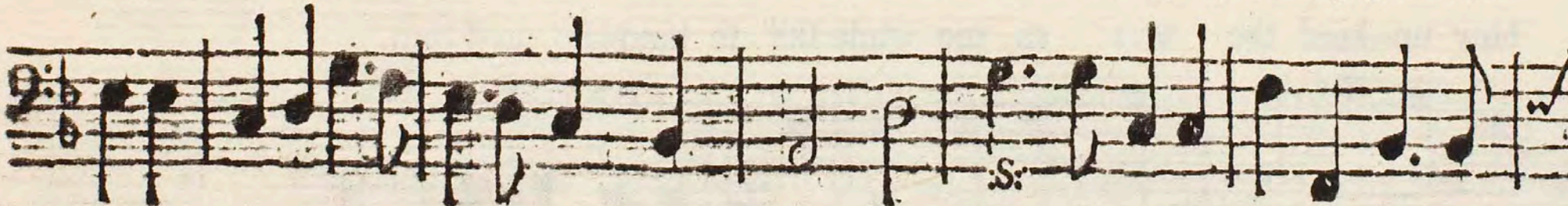
fair *Ne--ras* Eyes, the Amorous Swains no Offerings bring to *Cu-pid's* Altar as be-



fore, to her they play, to her they sing, and own in Love no other Pow'r, if thou thy



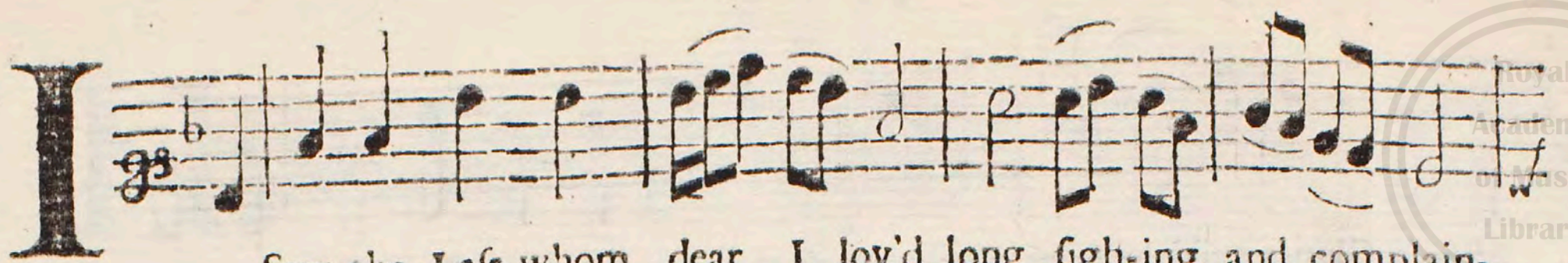
Empire wilt regain, on thy Conqu'rour try thy Dart, touch with pity for my pain *Ne-*



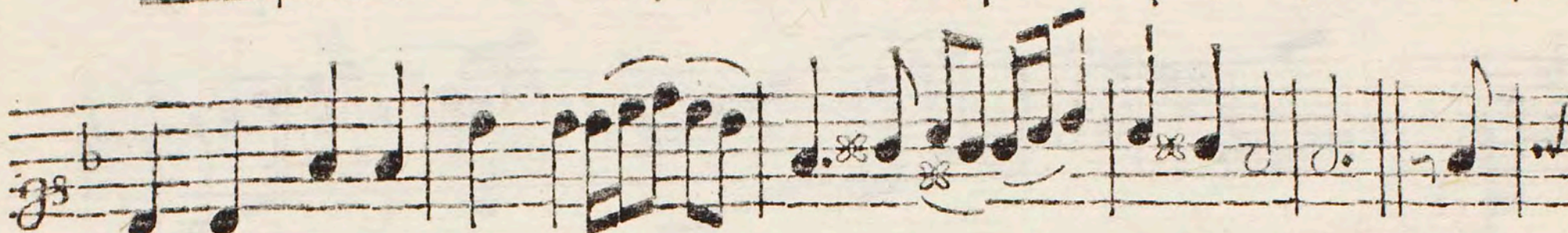
e--ras's cold dis-dain-ful Heart.

Mr. James Hart.

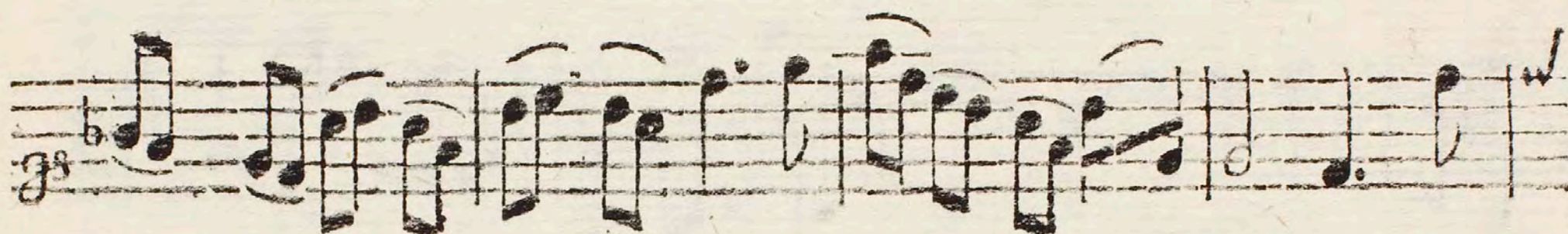
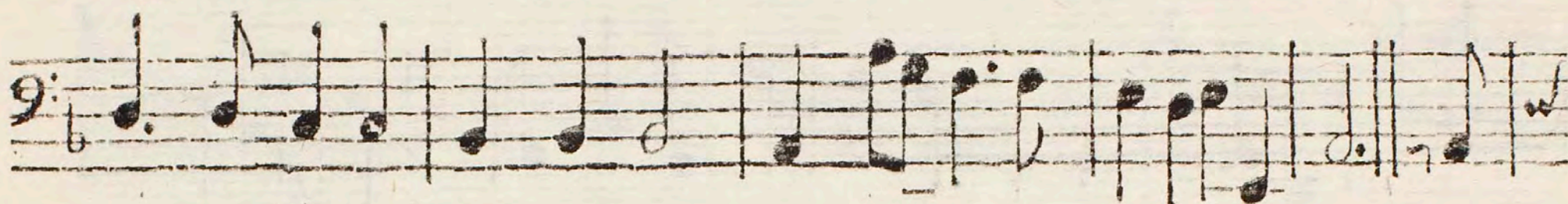




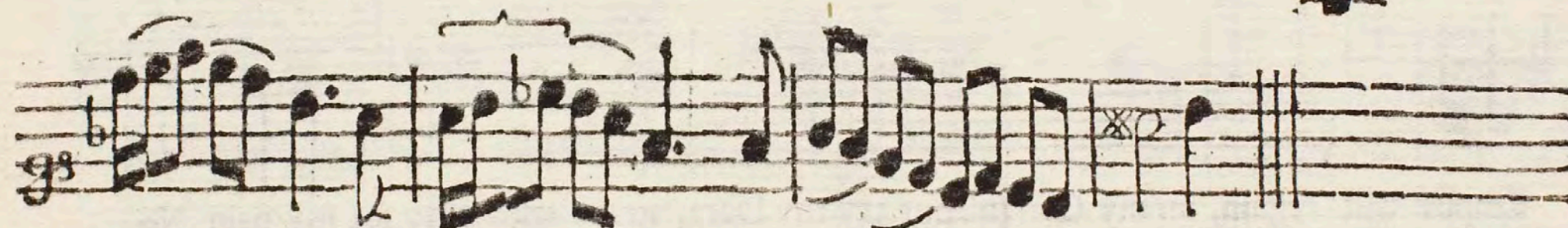
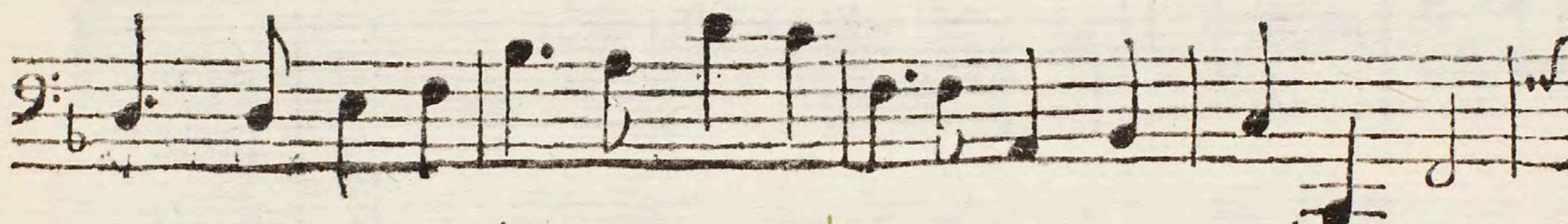
Saw the Lads whom dear I lov'd long sigh-ing and complain-



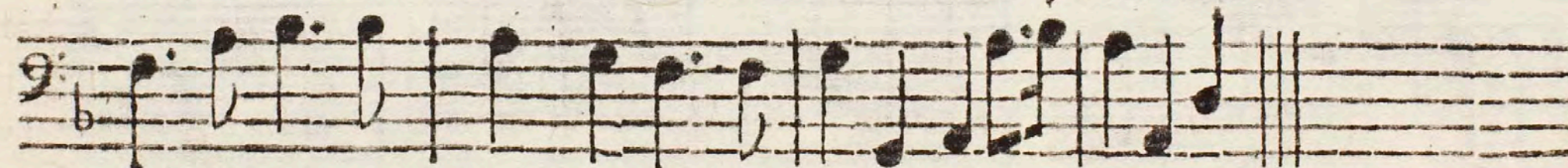
ing, while me she shund and dis-ap-prov'd, a-no-ther en-tertaining : her



hand, her lips, to him were free, no fa-vour she re-fus'd him, judge



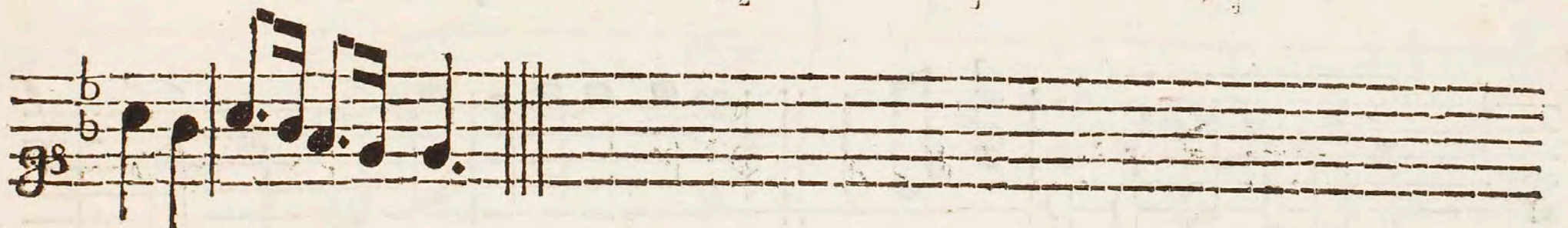
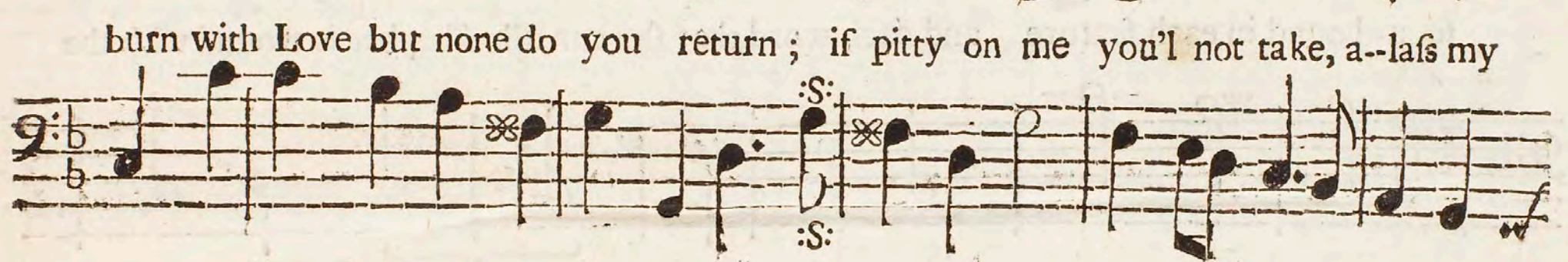
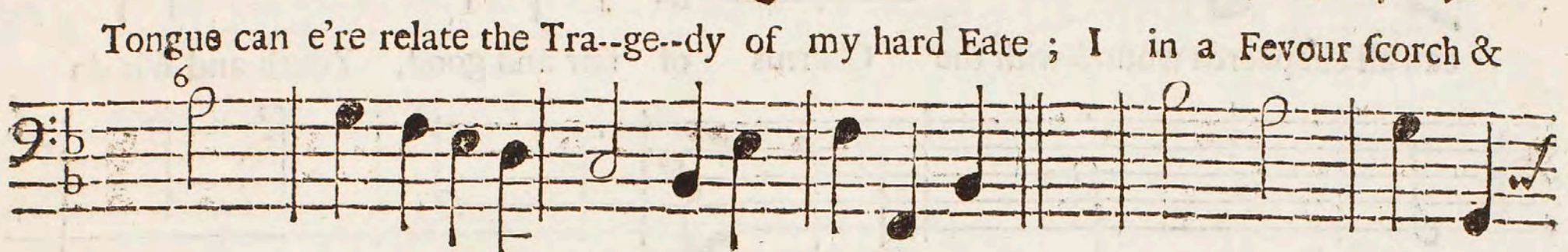
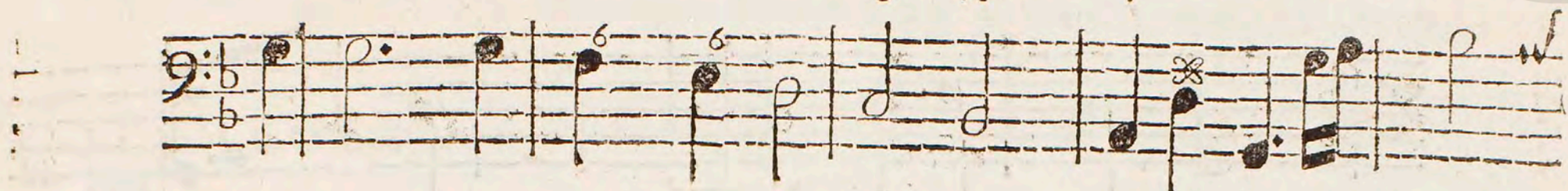
how un-kind she was to me while she so kind-ly us'd him.



Mr. Moses Snow.

His Hand her Milk white Bubbles prest,
A bliss worth Kings desiring,
Ten Thousand times he kist her Brest,
The Snowy Mounts admiring.

While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to such Passion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheek and curl'd his Hair,
To shew she well approv'd him.



tender Heart will break.



Ah Charming Creature cast an Eye,
I wish a thousand times to dye,
But if ten thousand pains invade,
By one kind look they all are paid,

For should I live and not obtain,
That trouble is a greater pain,
No lovely fair I only find
To let me Dye is to be Kind.

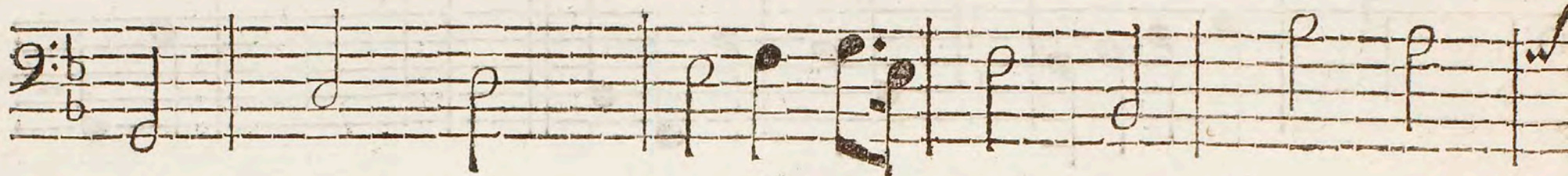
Mr. Rob. King.



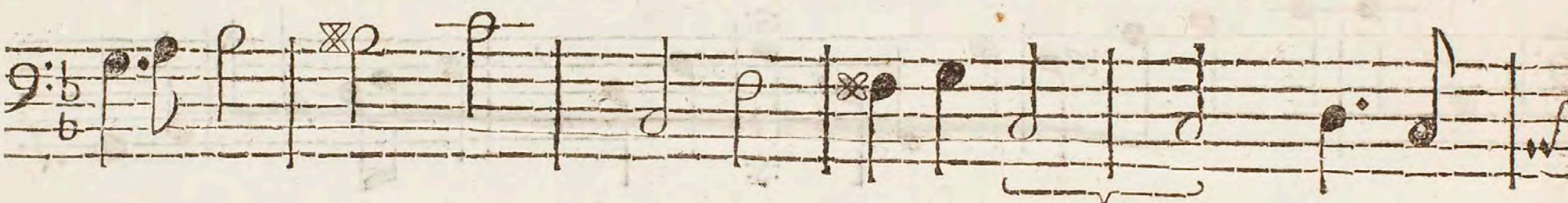
outh and Wit do fo a--bound in each feature and each word, that she



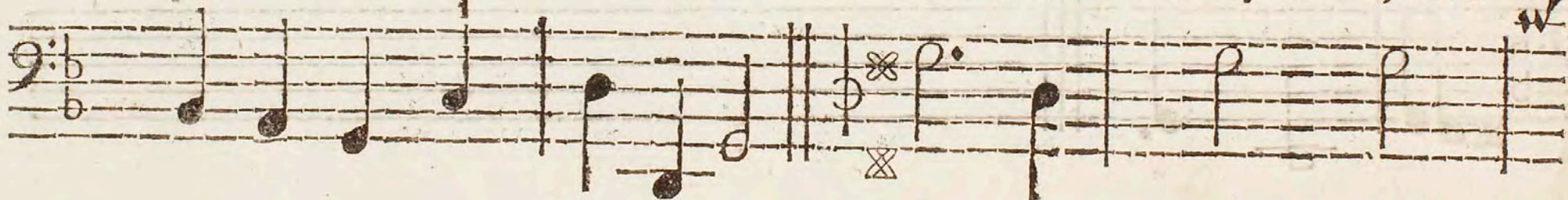
can all Shepherds wound with the Charms of fair and good, Youth and Wit do



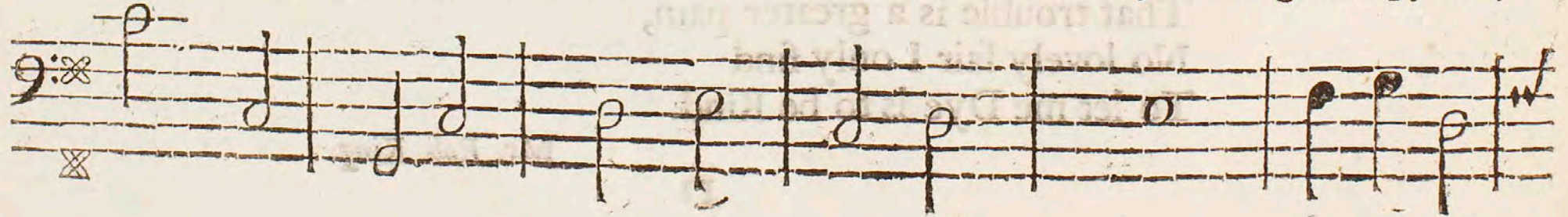
fo a--bound in each feature and each word, that she can all Shepherds wound with the

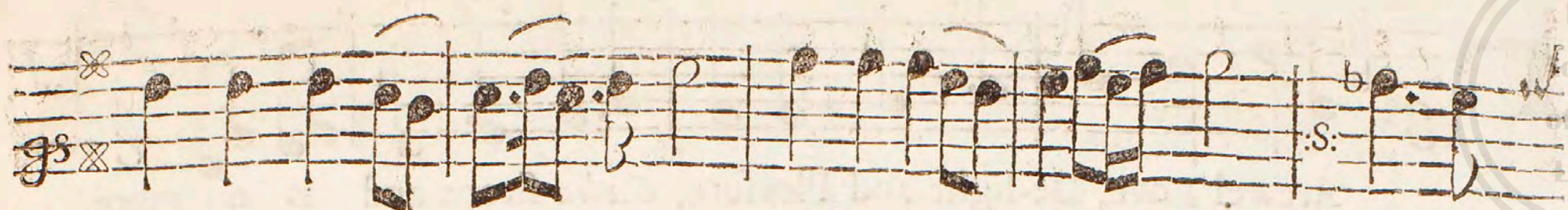


Charms — of fair and good. Red as Roses new--ly blown, each

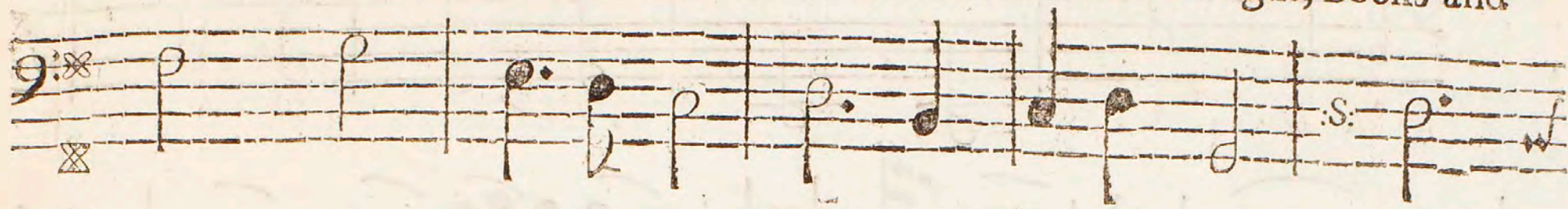


dear budding Lip appears, sweetness in her Look is shown, Beauty in her growing years;

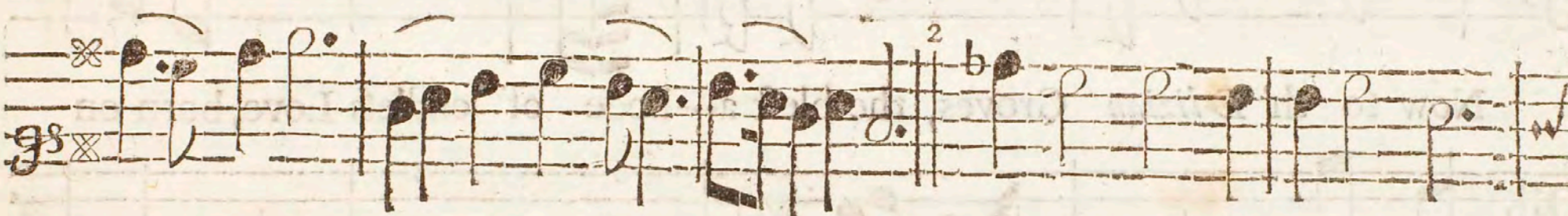




True and Constant are her ways, kind & secret is each thought, Books and



Musick pass dull days, in pure Dreams her Love is sought. Happy Shepherd



that can say, all her Love is his Entire; Happyer much in Cupids Play,



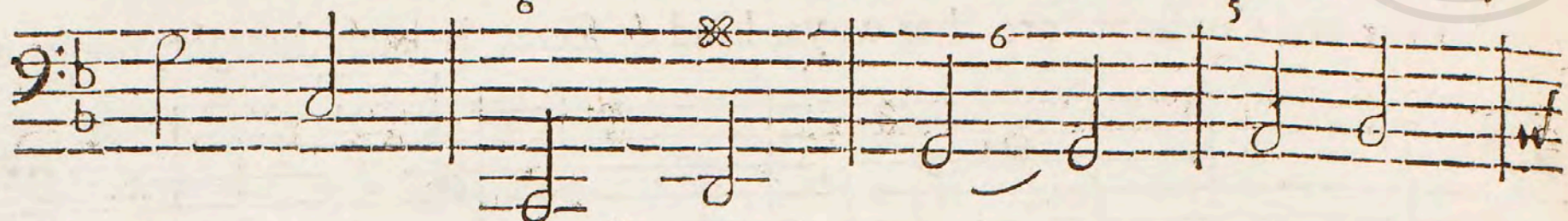
than a Victim, than a Victim in Loves Fire.



Mr. James Hart.



Arewel Love, De-light and Pleasure, *Cælia* sleeps and is no more,



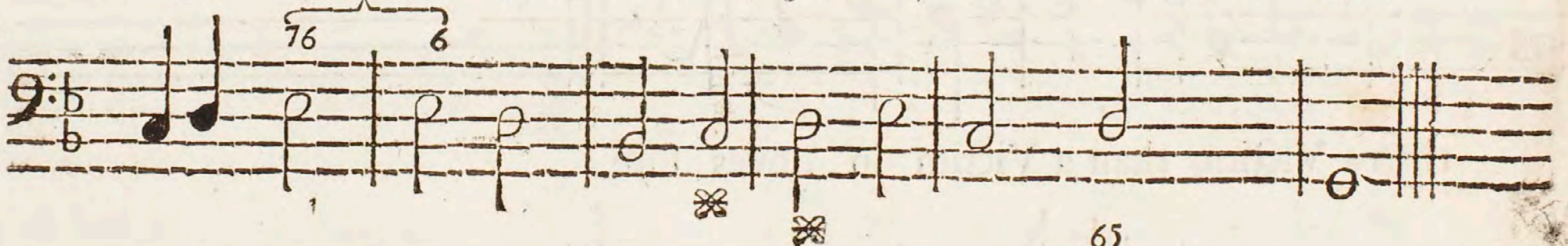
in her Face was Beauty's Treasure, in her Bosome Virtue's store.



Now to th' *E-lizian* Groves, the blest a---bode of endless Love, born on



Angels wings she's gon, whilst I, poor I, am --- left a---lone.

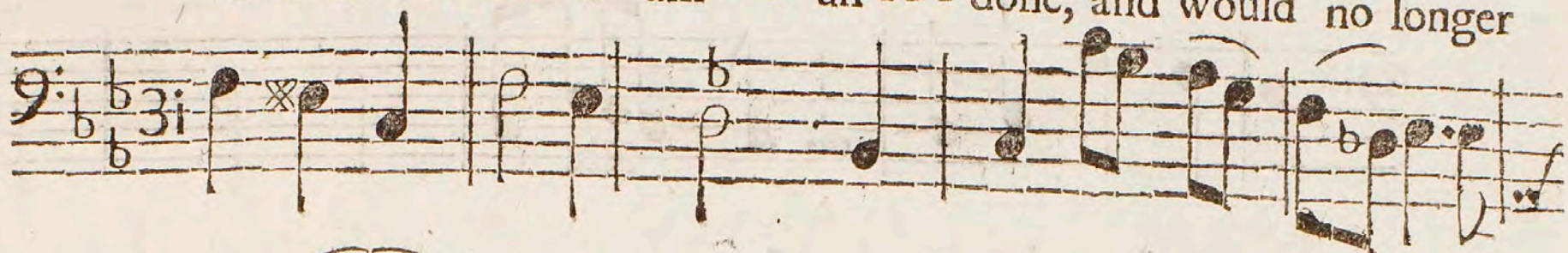


65

Mr. Alex. Damafano.

B

Y what I've seen I am - - un - - done, and would no longer



live, Strephon Be - - - linda's Heart has won, the Pirse I saw her give, or



if be - fore her Heart was his she gave it o're a - gain, he uncon-



cern'd re - ceiv'd the blifs I Lan - guish to ob - tain.



Cruel *Belinda* cease to give
Those looks when I am by,
Cannot my Rival happy live
Unless he see me Dye.
If you delight to punish me,
I will no more complain,
But let not him my Torments see,
To glory in my pain.

Mr. Daniel Purcell.



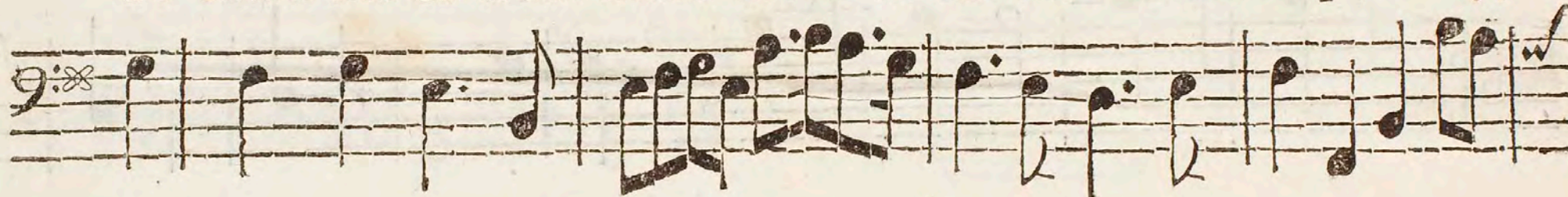
As---tre---a quits her bleating Flocks who mourn for her re---turn, in



vain, some hiding in the Neighb'ring Rocks while others wander o're the plain.



To Meads and Caves and leafless Groves for ease the wretched Shepherds fly,

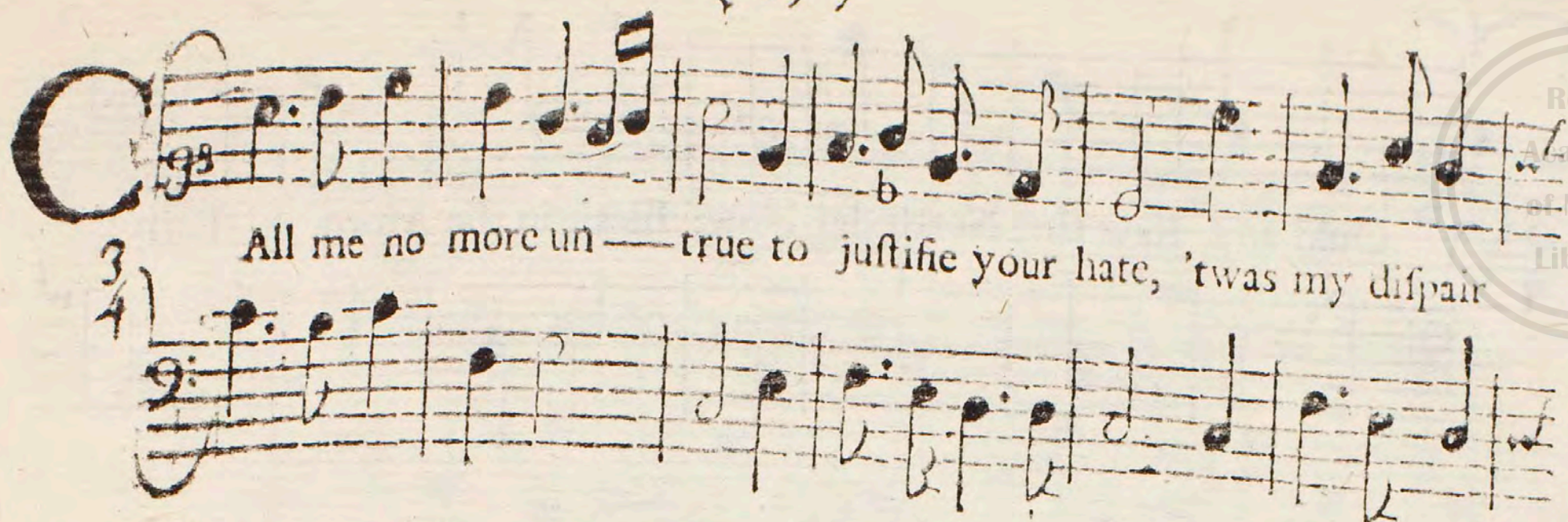


who weep and curse their Fa-tal Loves, then break their Oaten Pipes and Dye.

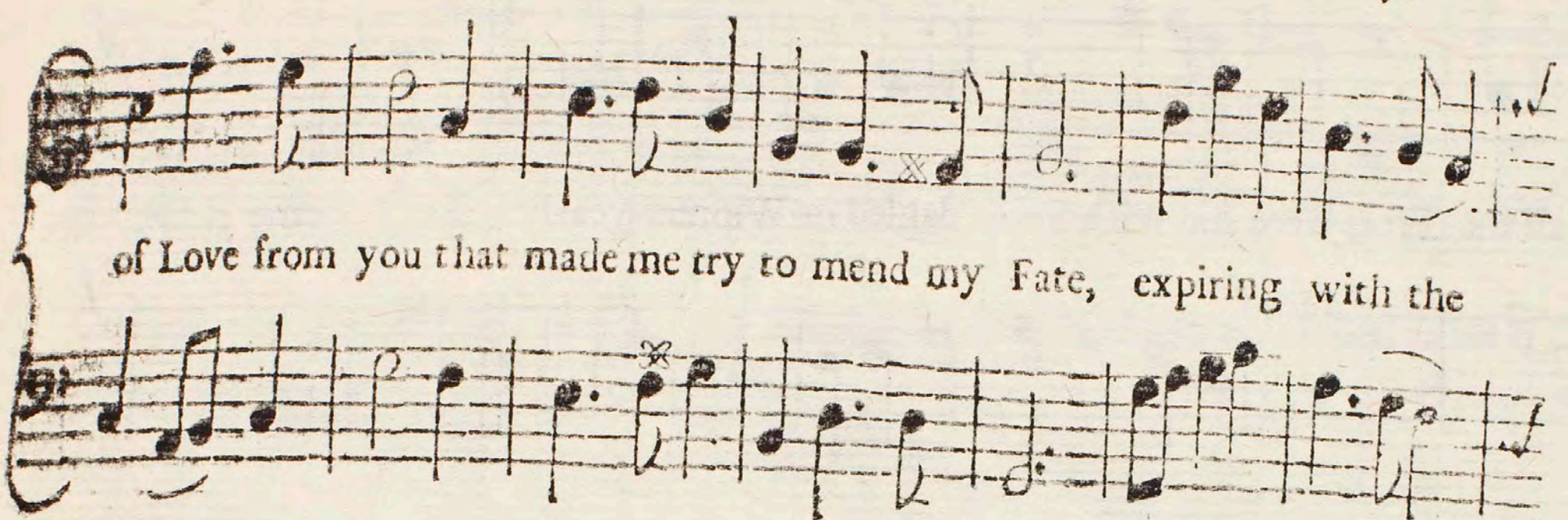


But now Revenge their wrongs require,
And find her guilty of the Plot,
Her Charms will set the Town on Fire,
Then Marr'age Chains must prove her lot,
So she from whence such wonders spring,
Where Graces all in Consort meet,
This Bird confin'd too late will sing,
O Virgin's Liberty is sweet.

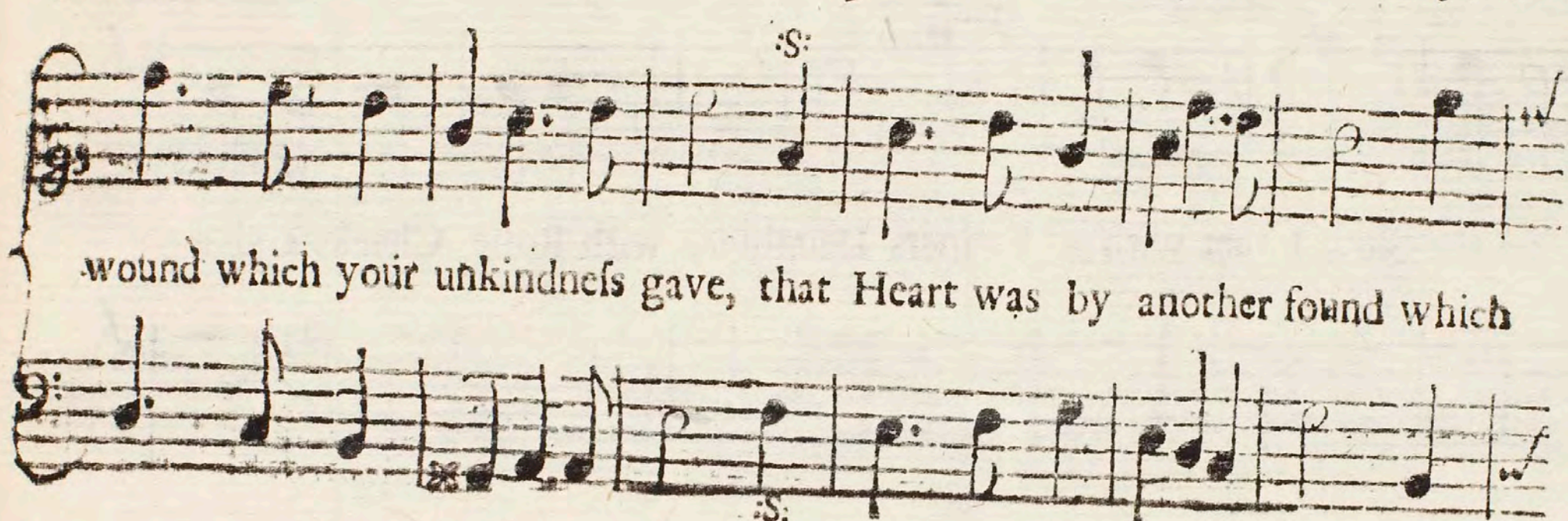
Mr. William Turner.



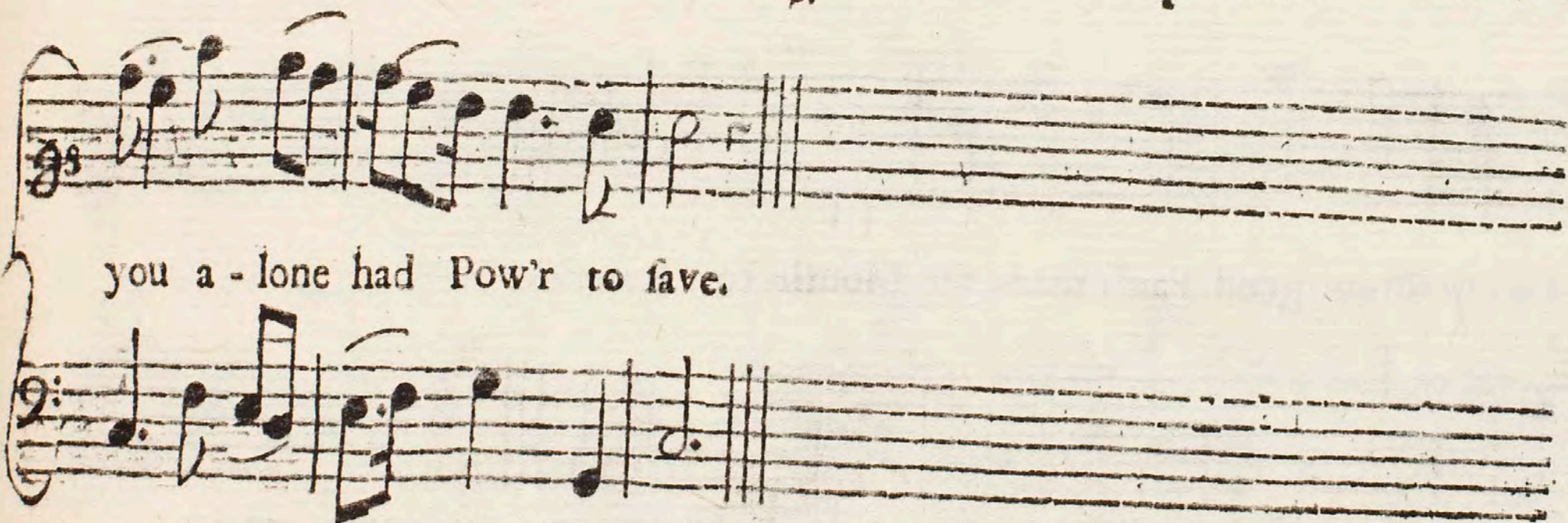
All me no more un — true to justifie your hate, 'twas my despair



of Love from you that made me try to mend my Fate, expiring with the



wound which your unkindness gave, that Heart was by another found which

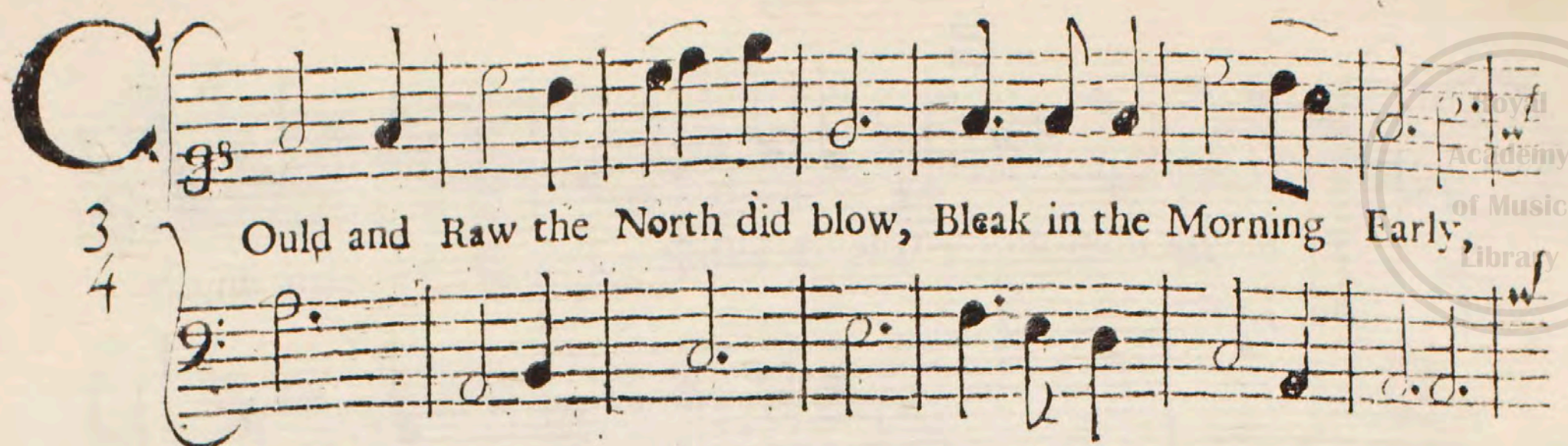
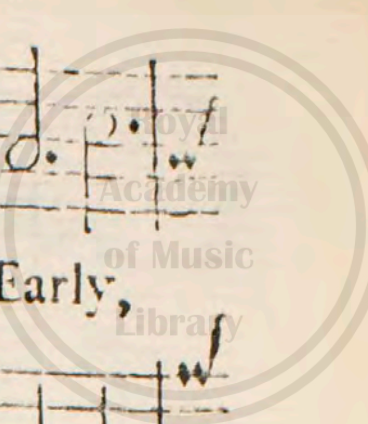


you a - lone had Pow'r to save.

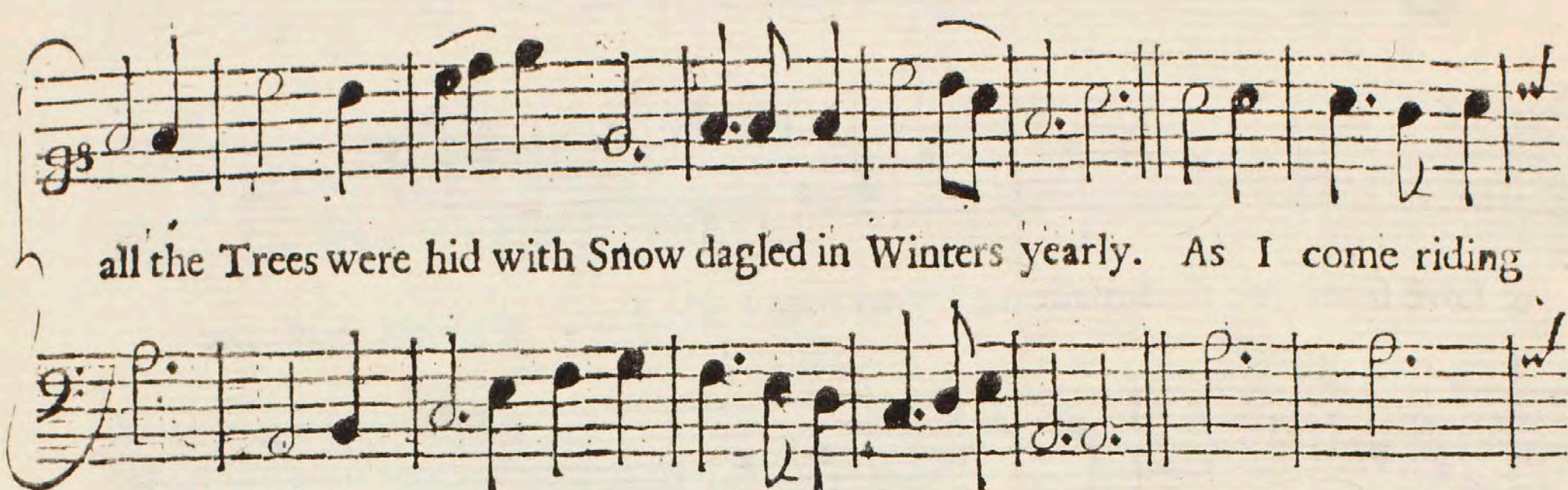
As Men benighted stray,
Led by some treacherous Fire,
Pleas'd with false Light I lost my way,
And mist the place of my desire.
A Morning Sinners Vow
Just Heaven with Pity meet,
My Soul forsakes all Idolls now
To serve for ever at your Feet.

Mr. William Turner.

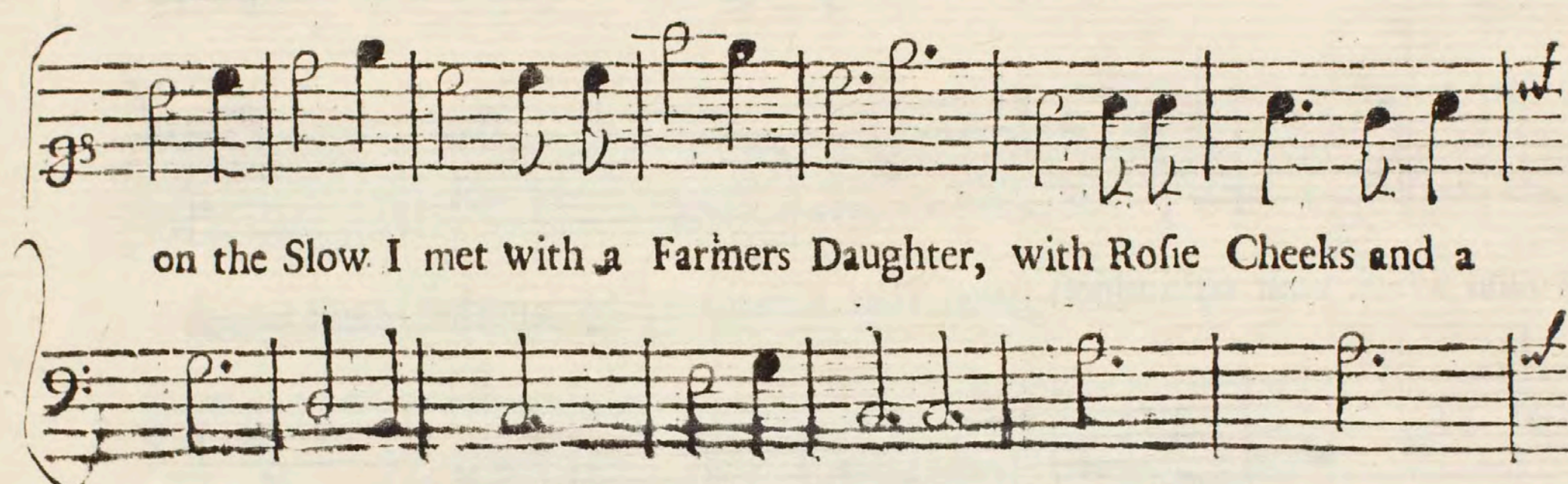
The last New Scotch Song.

C  

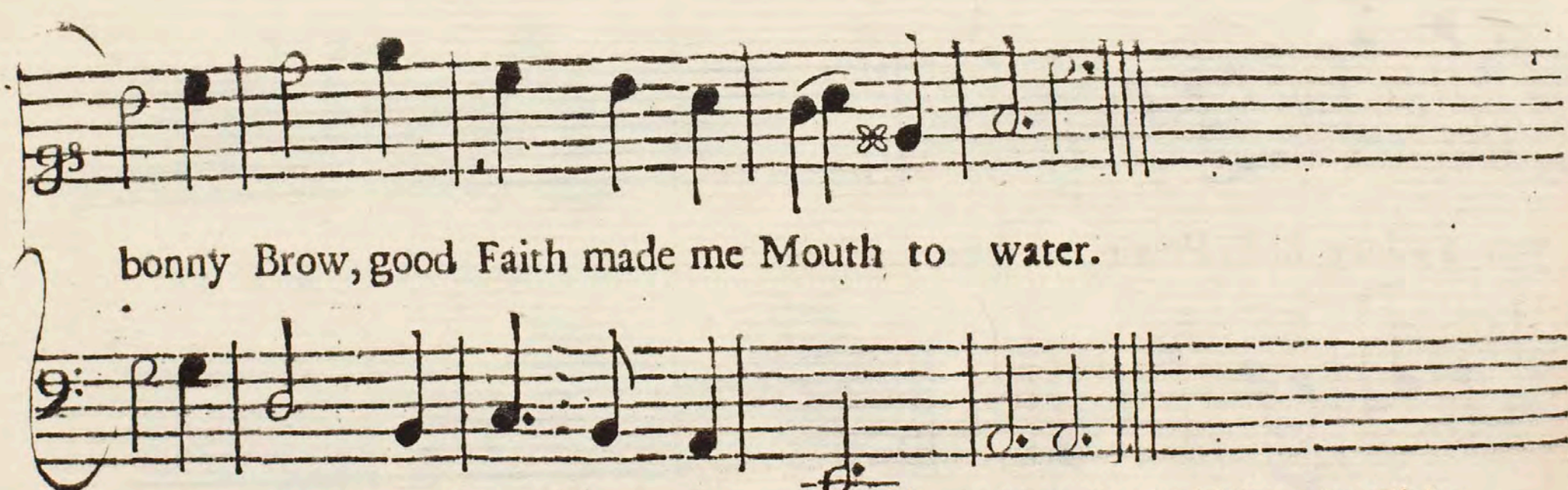
3
4 Ould and Raw the North did blow, Bleak in the Morning Early,



all the Trees were hid with Snow dagled in Winters yearly. As I come riding



on the Slow I met with a Farmers Daughter, with Rosie Cheeks and a



bonny Brow, good Faith made me Mouth to water.

Down I veld my Bonnet low,
Thinking to show my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding,
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
I long'd to begin a parley ;
She told me to the next Market Town
On purpose to sell her Barley

In this Purse sweet Soul said I
Twenty pounds lye fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For Ple take all thy Barley,
Twenty more shall purchase delight,
Thy Person I love so dearly,
If thou wor lig with me this Night
And go home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I wou'd not do Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as Job
I would not raise them so Sir,
For if this Night you prove my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'll be gon at the Nine Months end,
And where shall I find a Father.

I told her I had Wedded been
Fourteen Years or longer,
Else I would take her for my Queen
And tye the knot much Stronger,
She bid me then no further come
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,
For some other should have her Barley.

Royal
Academy
of Music
Library

Elcome, welcome Glorious Maid to meet those Joys we to you

bring, this Honour's due which we have paid for thy He - roick suffering ; Thou never

more shall be afraid of Hate or Love which Princes bear, but in white Robes shall be ar-

Chorus.

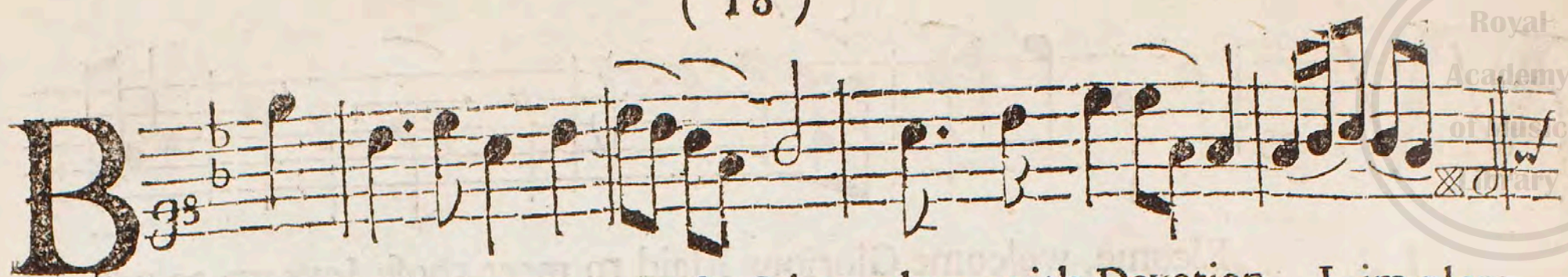
ray'd to meet thy Bridegroom in the Ayre : Where in one Globe com-bind, by Miracle con-

Chorus.

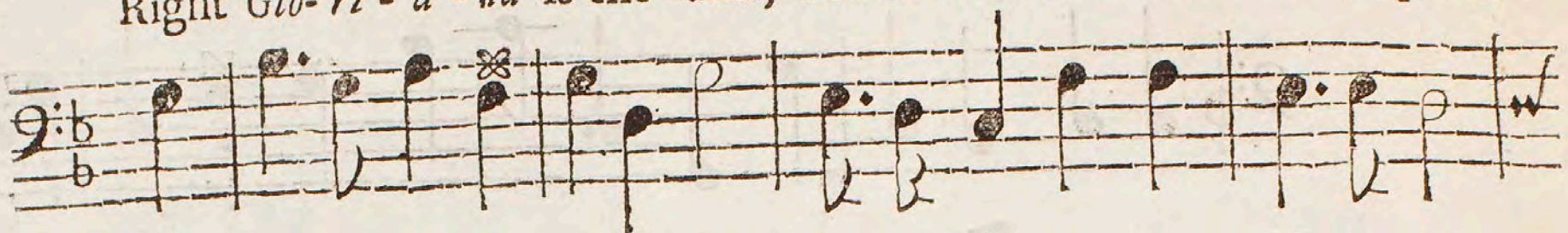
fin'd, in mighty height extreamly bright ye fhall appear as if ye were a new created

Star, ye shall appear as if ye were a new Created Star.

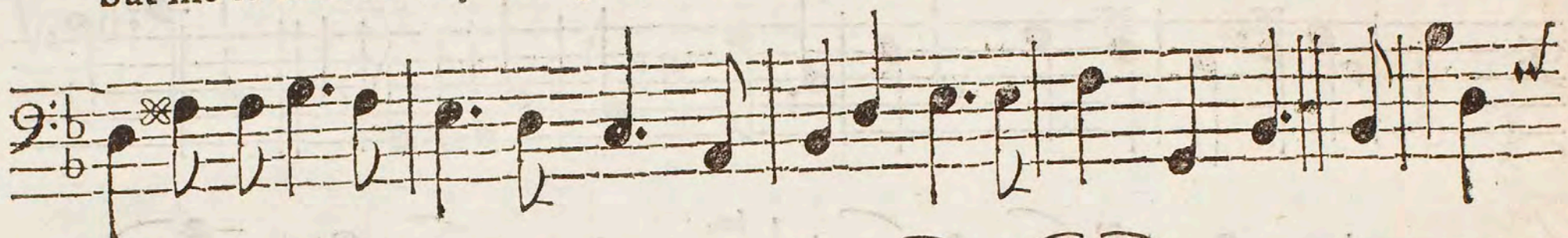
Mr. William Turner.



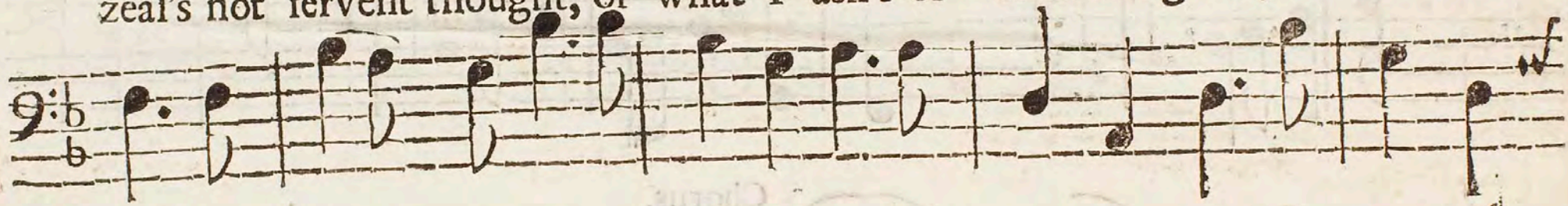
Right *Glo-ri-a-na* is the Saint, whom with Devotion I im-plore,



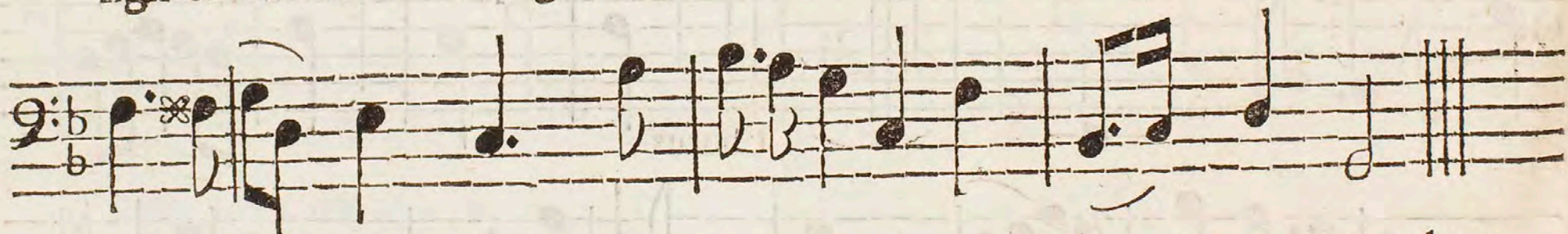
but she is deaf to my complaint, her silence tells I must give o're ; is it my



zeal's not fervent thought, or what I ask't of—fence has given, no word but



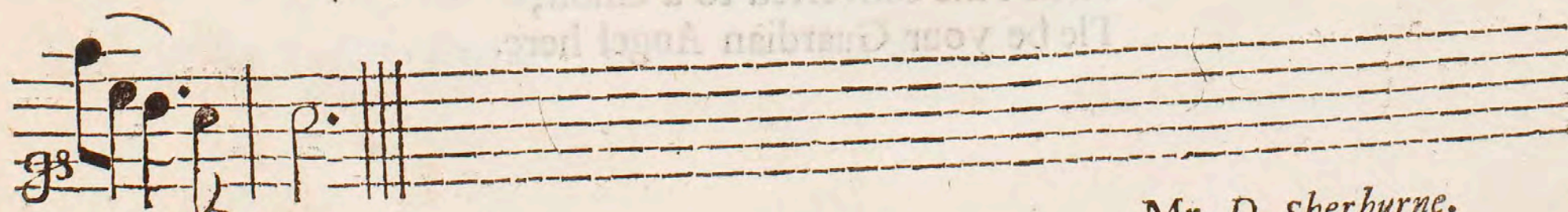
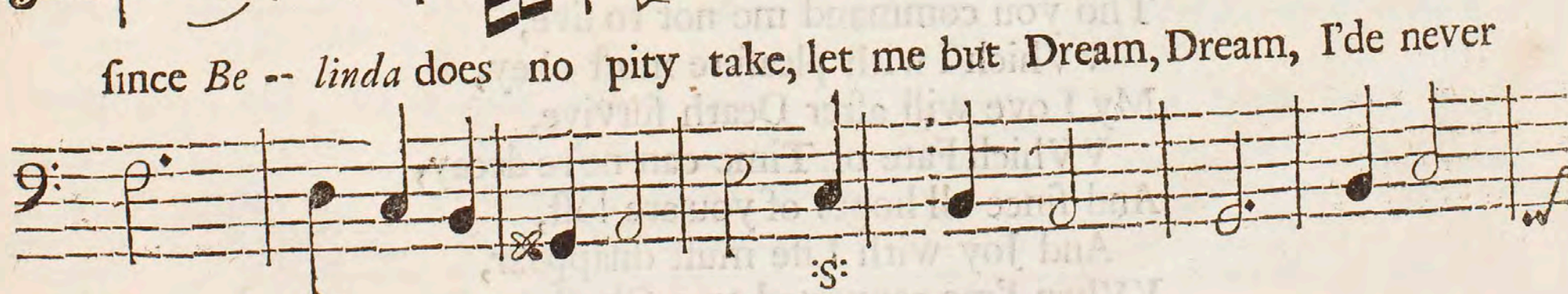
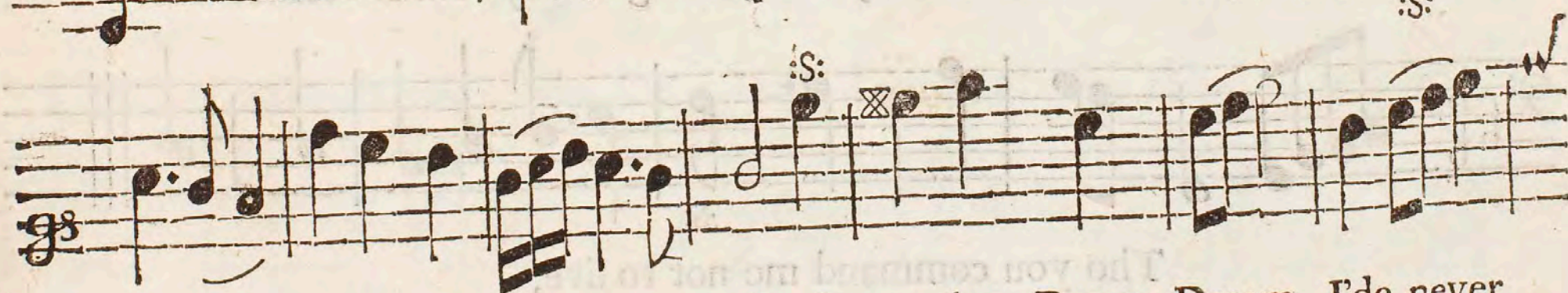
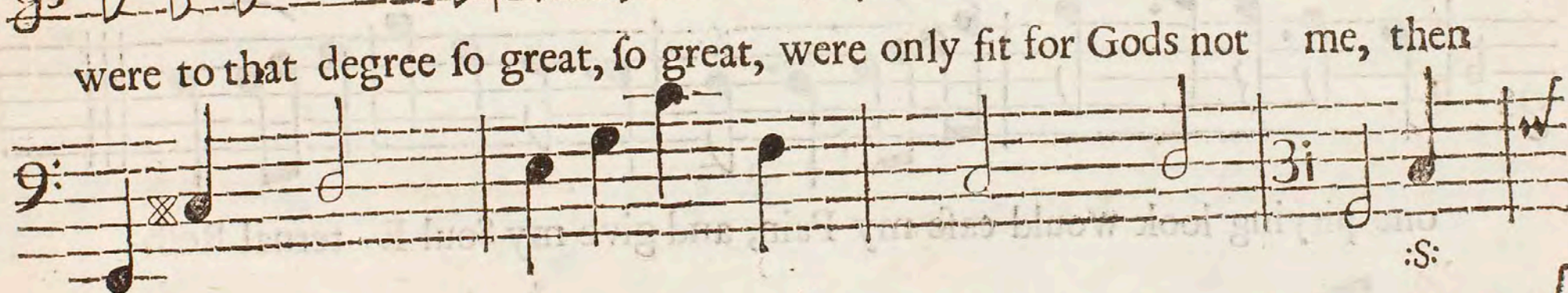
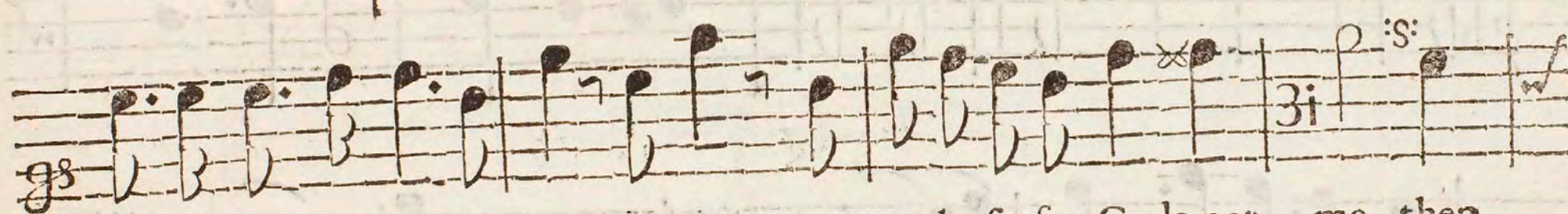
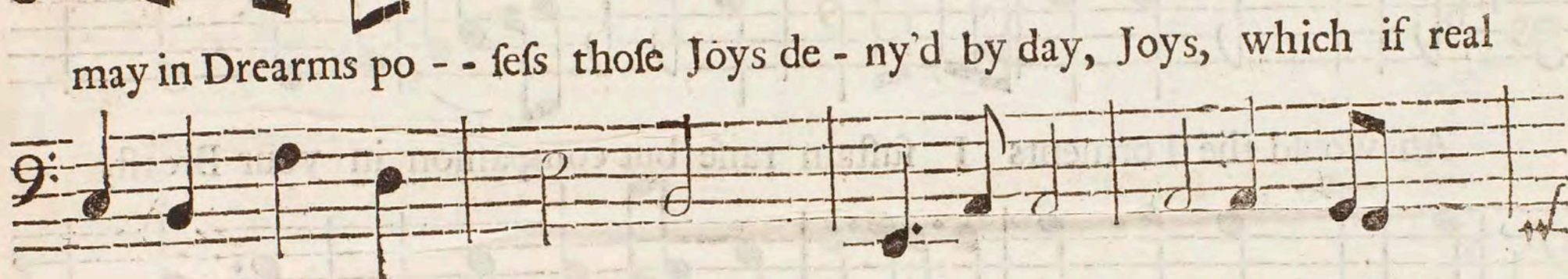
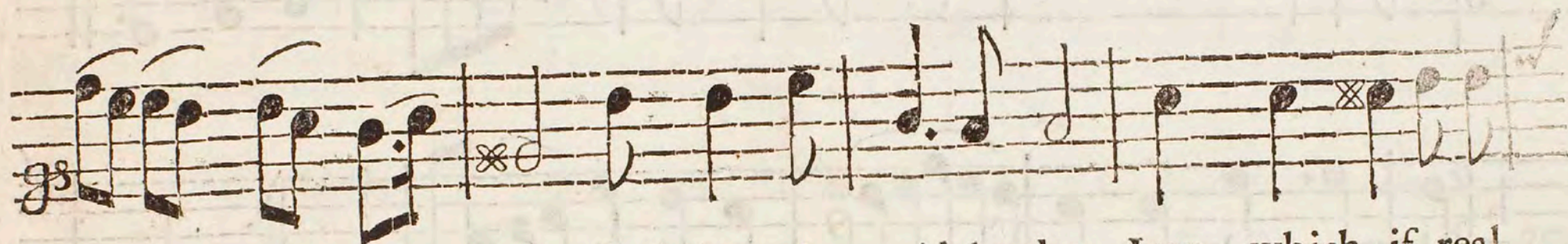
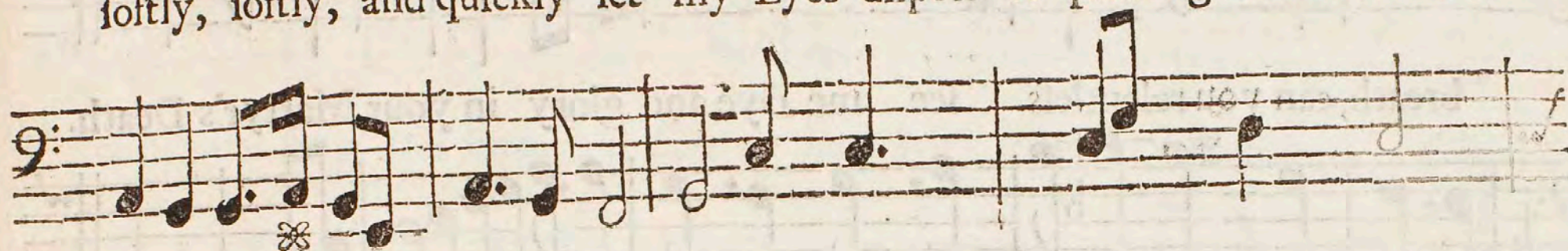
sigh or tear with't brought such Rhetorick as pre—vails with Heaven.



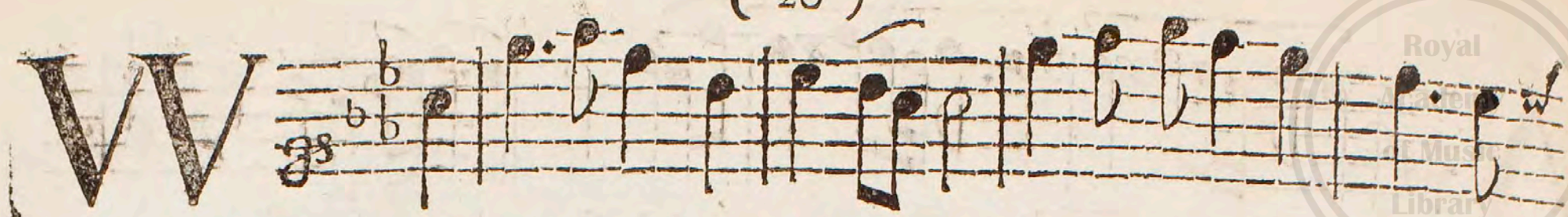
The latter then must be the cause,
Yet how cou'd that her anger move,
So harmless my Petition was,
I only ask't of her her Love,
And now the fatal reason's found,
The greater pain I must endure,
Such folly 'tis to search the wound
That does admit no hopes of cure.

VWith grief and anguish I'me perplex't,
So sad my case on either side,
I had not liv'd had I not ask't,
'Tis worse than Death now I'me deny'd ;
Tell me of neither racks nor wheels,
Tho sharp they bring no lasting pain,
Nor Torments like to that he feels
VWho loves and is not lov'd again.

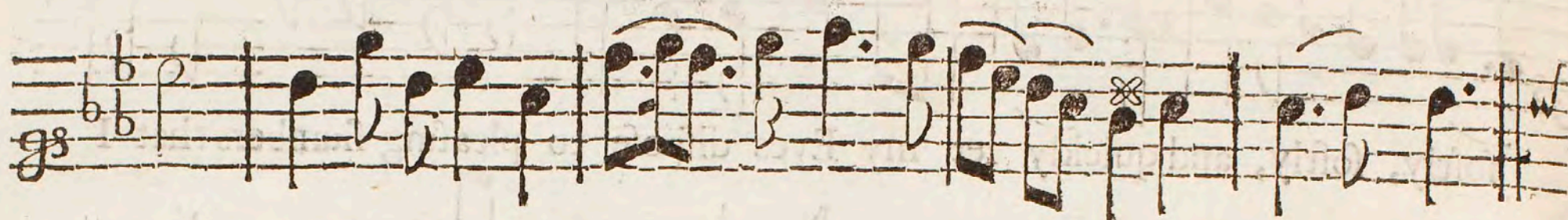
Mr. William Turner.



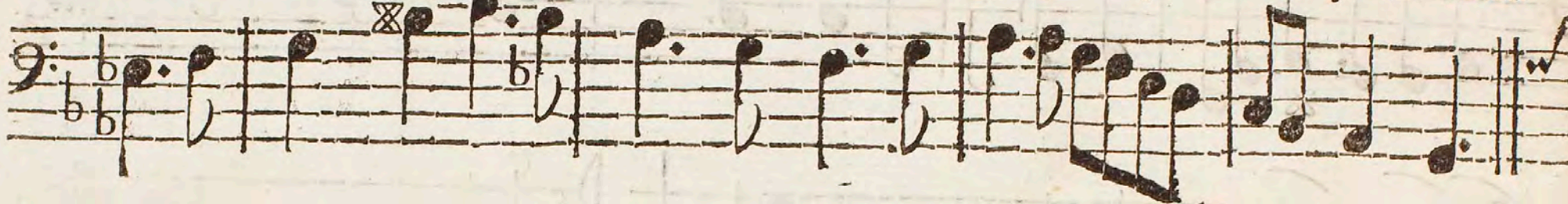
Mr. D. Sherburne.



Hilft sighing at your Feet I lye, pale and expiring gasp for



breath, can you relentless see me Dye and glory in your Martyr's Death.



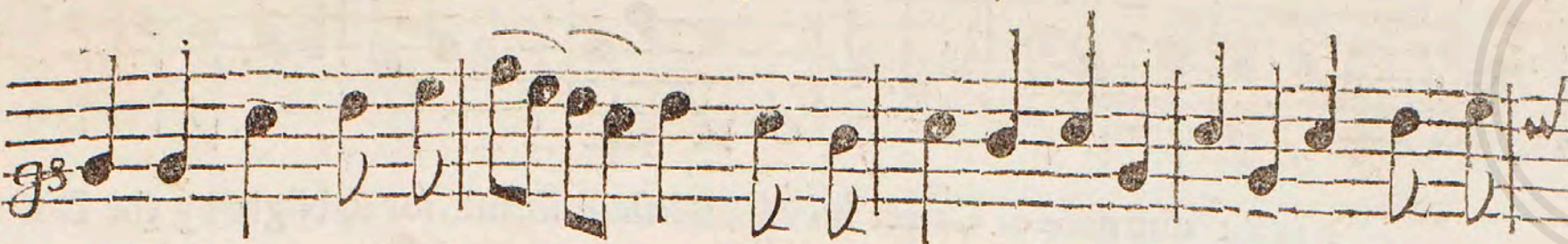
Ah would the Torments I sustain raise but compassion in your Breast,



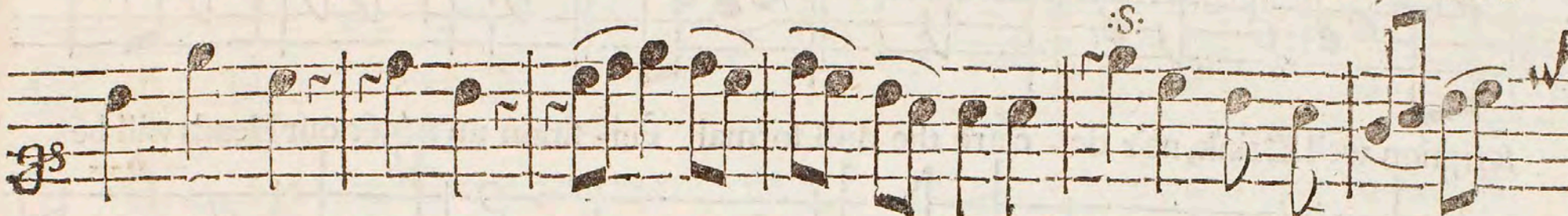
one pitying look would ease my Pain, and give my Soul E - ternal Rest.



Tho you command me not to live,
 VWhich I with pleasure must obey,
 My Love will after Death survive,
 VWhich Fate or Time can ne're decay,
 And since all hopes of you are lost,
 And Joy with Life must disappear,
 VWhen I'm converted to a Ghost,
 I'll be your Guardian Angel here.

TInking *Tom* was an honest Man, tink a tink t- - - - and a

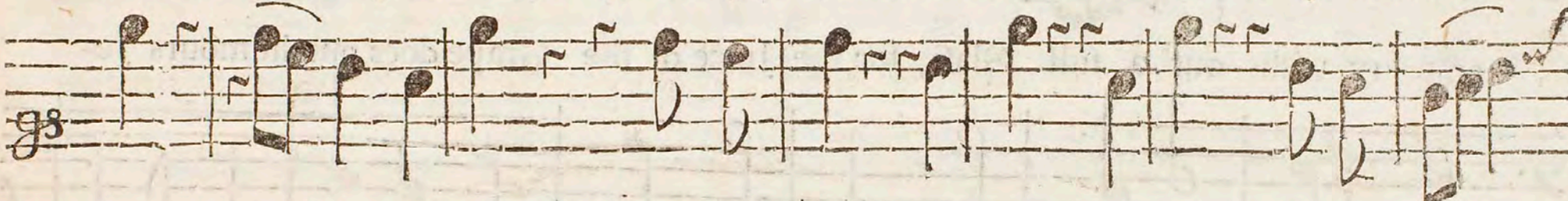
Lad of bon - ny Mettle, he dext'rously cou'd clink the Pan, clink a clink, clink a



clink, and stop, and stop, and stop a hole i'th Kittle, to him did my Ladies



Maid ad - vance, ad - vance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a sad mis-



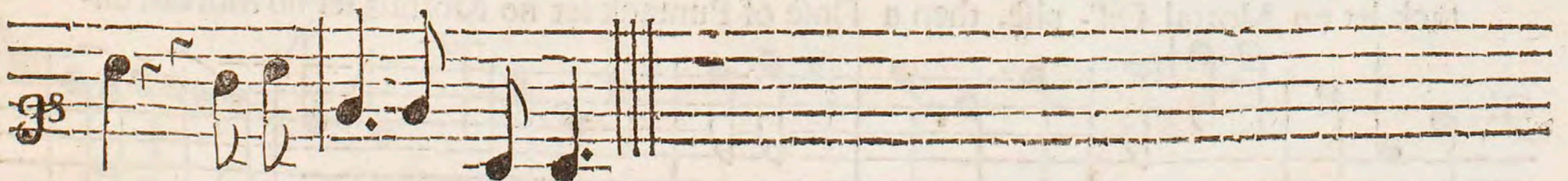
chance, a sad mischance, heres a hole, a hole, a hole in my Ladies

Kettle, *Tom* went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a Man, like a

Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done



'twas all a case, all a case, all a case, all a case, there's a hole, there's a

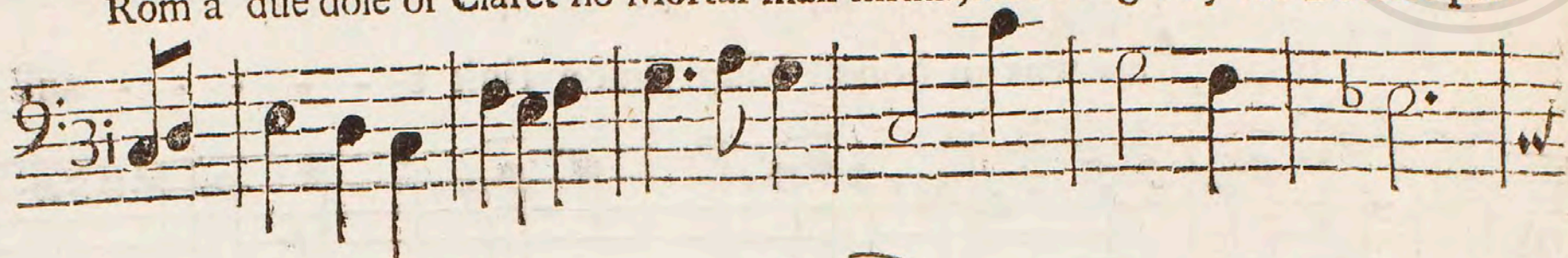


hole in my Ladies Kettle:

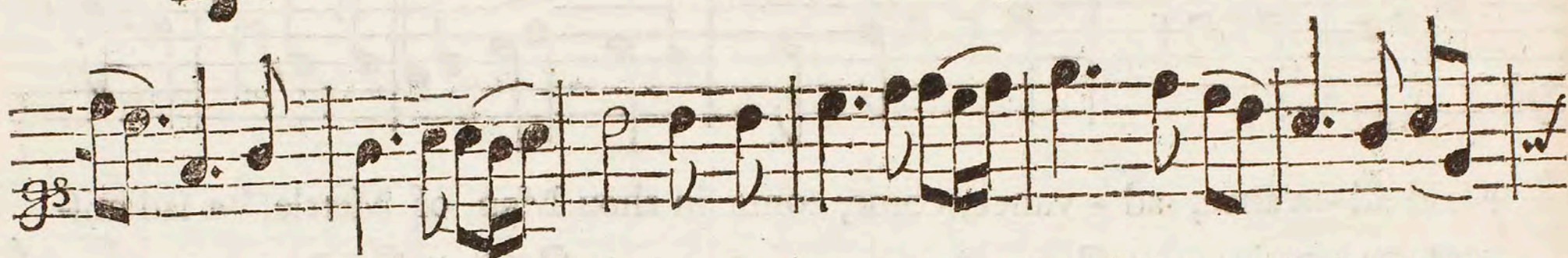
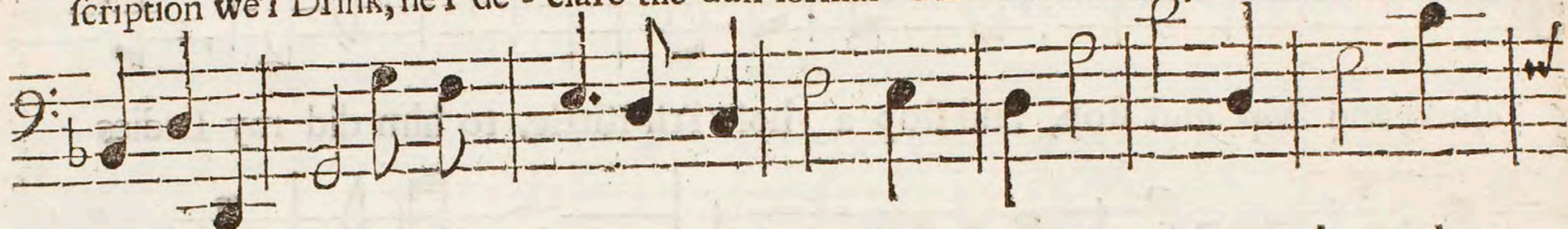
G



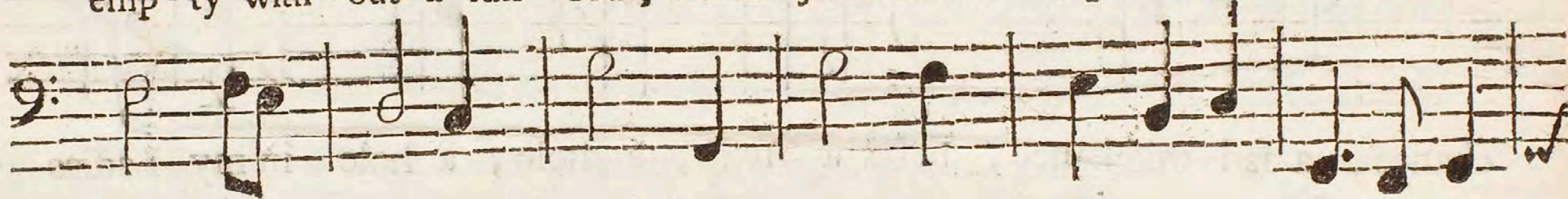
Rom a due dose of Claret no Mortal shall shrink, for to Night by the Doctors pre-



scription we'l Drink, ne'r de - clare the dull formal Phi - sition an Afs, & our Heads will be



emp - ty with - out a full Glas, for the Juice of the Grape does our humours re-



Chorus.

fine, and our Wits take their quickness from that of our Wine. Then a Dose of Pun-

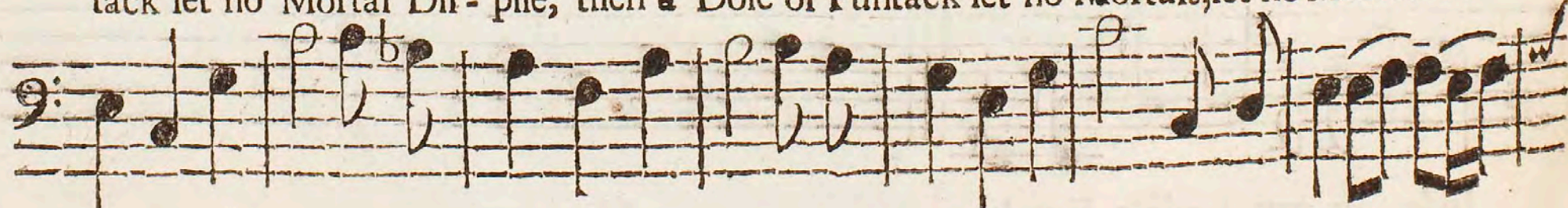
Chorus.



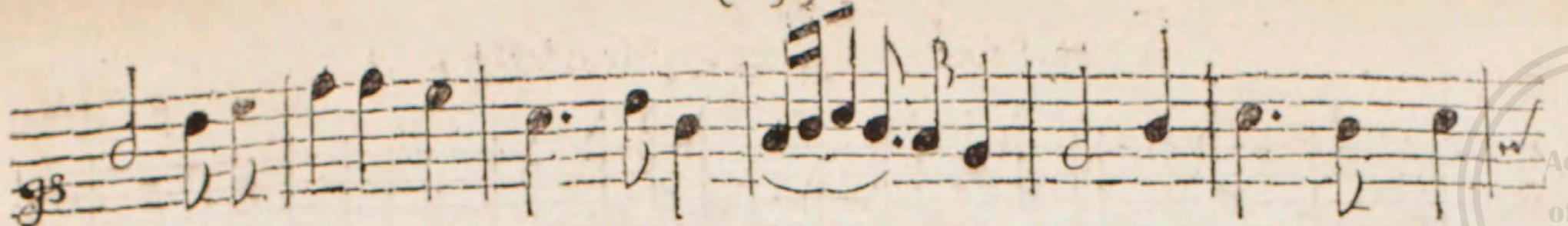
Then a



tack let no Mortal Dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals, let no Mortals dis-



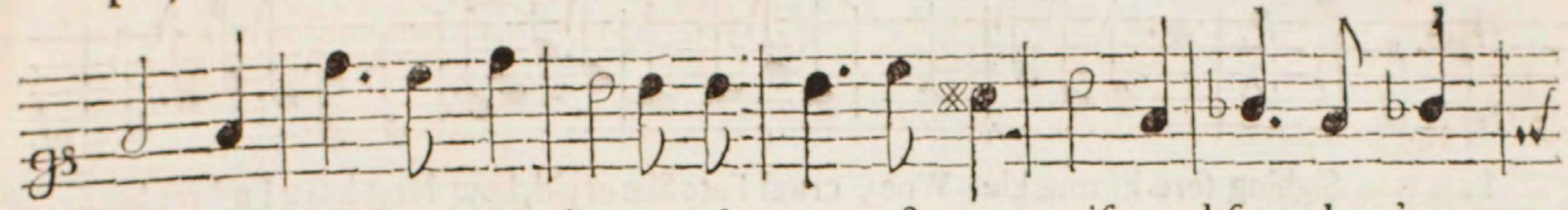
Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis-



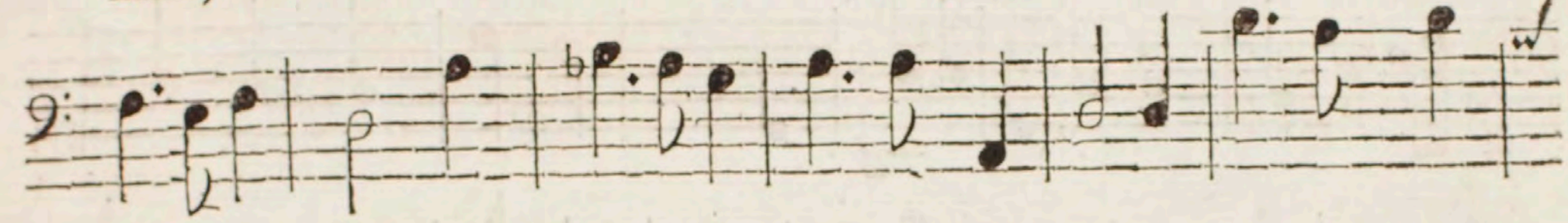
piſe, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and ſure there's no



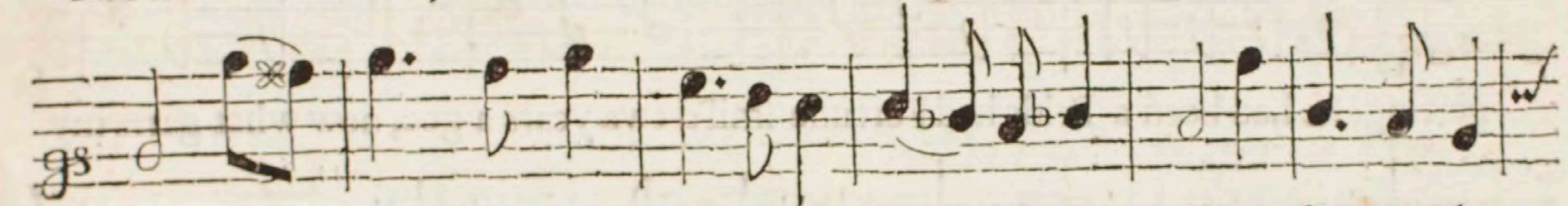
piſe, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and



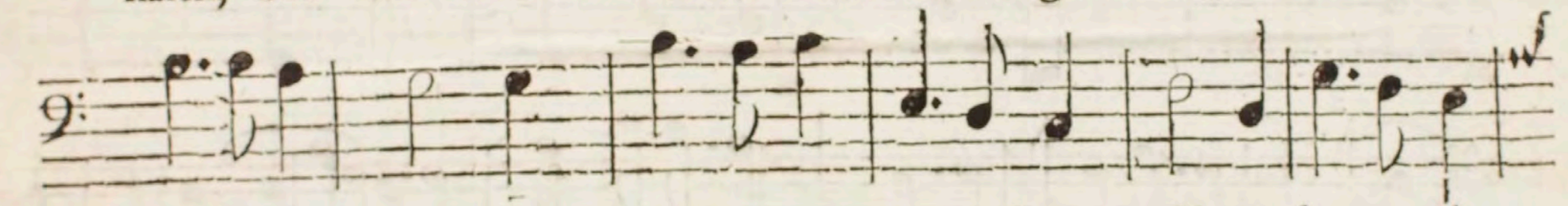
harm, and ſure there's no harm to be warm & grow wiſe, and ſure there's no



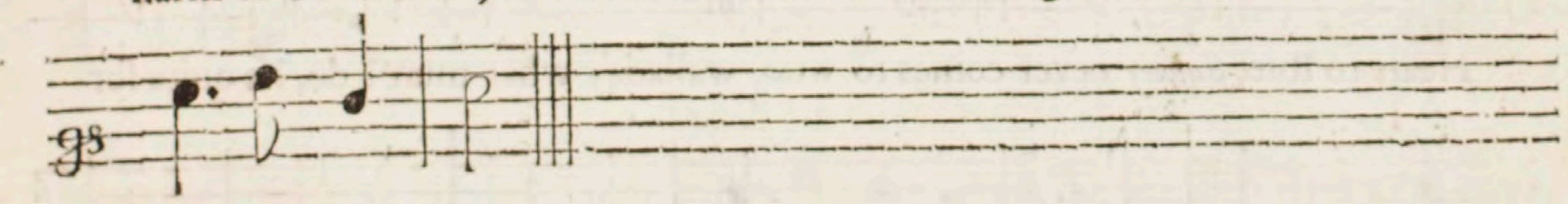
ſure there's no harm, no harm to be warm & grow wiſe, and ſure there's no



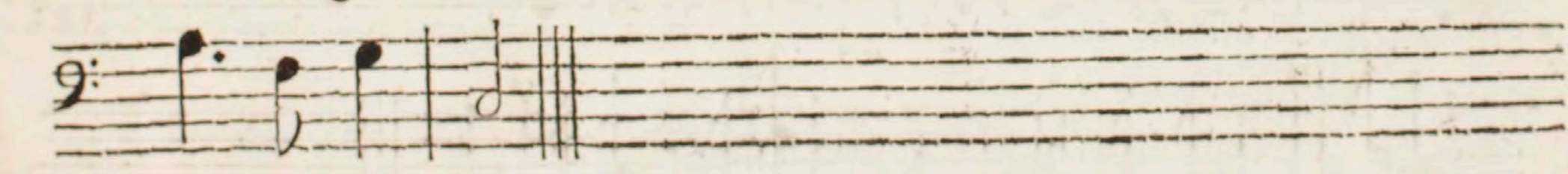
harm, and ſure there's no harm to be warm and grow wiſe, no harm to be



harm to be warm , no harm to be warm and grow wiſe, no harm to be



warm and grow wiſe.



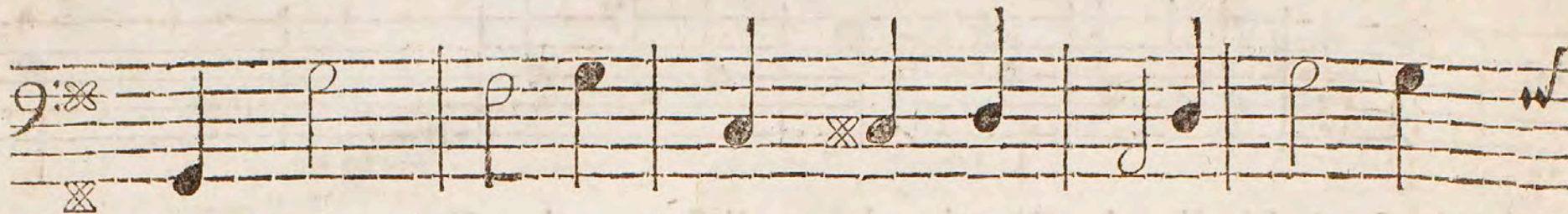
warm and grow wiſe.

Mr. Hen. Hall.

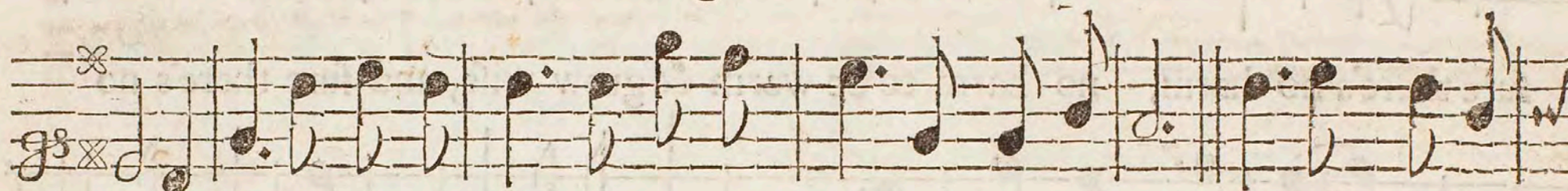
A New Scotch Song, set by Mr. Ackroyd.



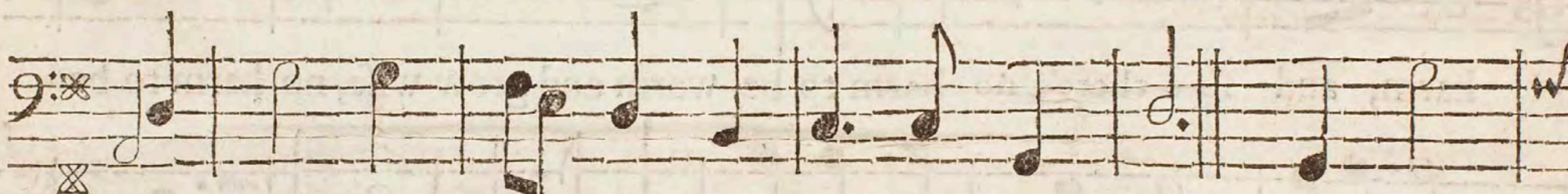
Tretch'd upon the Grafs, one Evening as the Sun was Setting, there a pretty



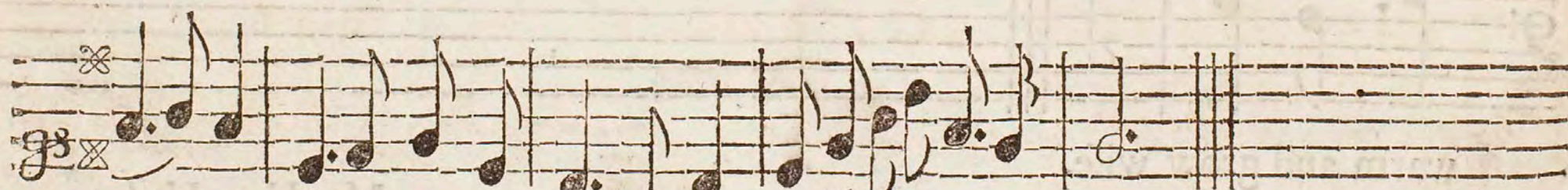
Lafs was Sighing fore in muckle Woe, cruel Fate She cry'd, how long have I a love been



getting, Ife had been a Bride had Fortune smil'd twa years a goe, now what garrs my



Heart to Rue, *Savny* never comes to woo, walladay what mun I do, Ife quite for-



lorn, a - lafs and still as true a Maid as ever I was Born.



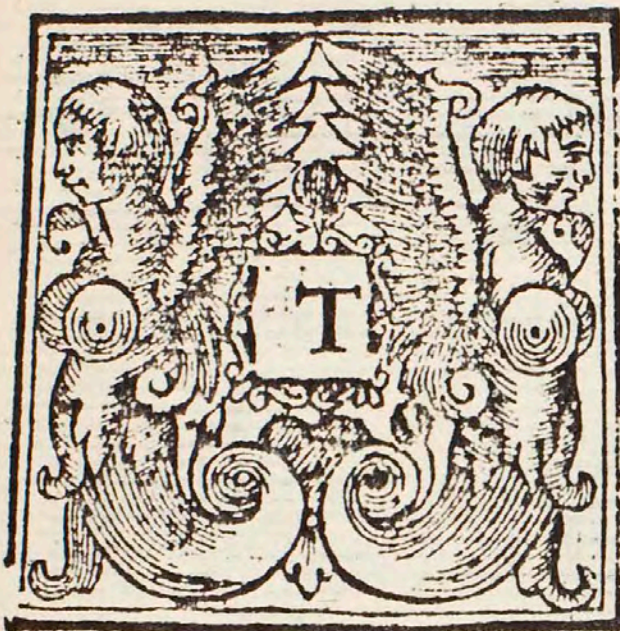
Moggy that was foul
As Hicks o' Leith in Rainy weather,
Yet to make her glad
Has got a Lad full six Foot high.
Jenny black as coal
And Wully Cragg are link'd together,
Ev'ry dowdy Fool
Has always better luck than I,

Yellow, Fair, or Black, or Brow,
Every Trollop now goes down,
Nene is left but I alone;
Ife past Eighteen,
And yet as right a Maid as e're,
The Deek's in aw the Men.

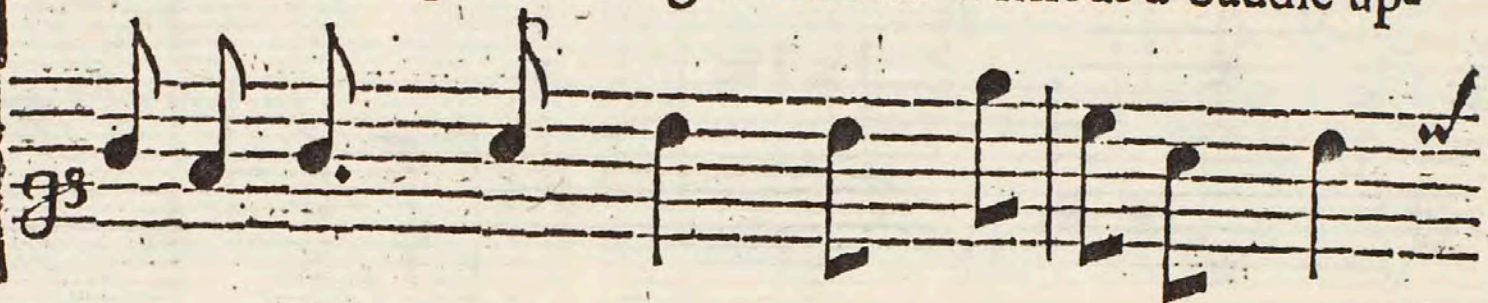
F I N I S.

A Small COLLECTION OF THE Newest CATCHES

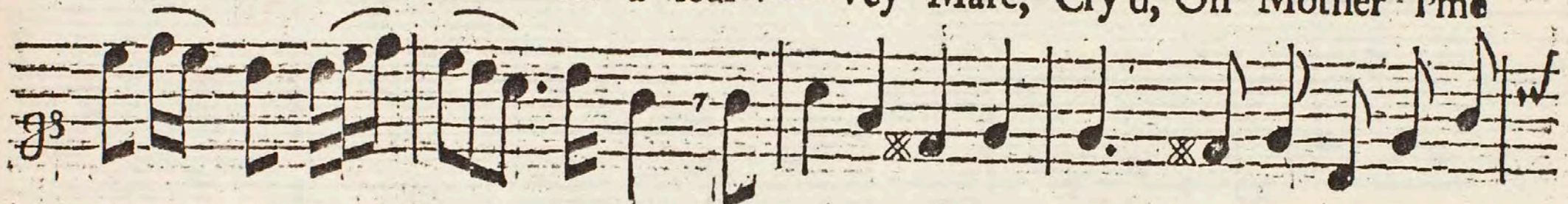
For 3 Voices.



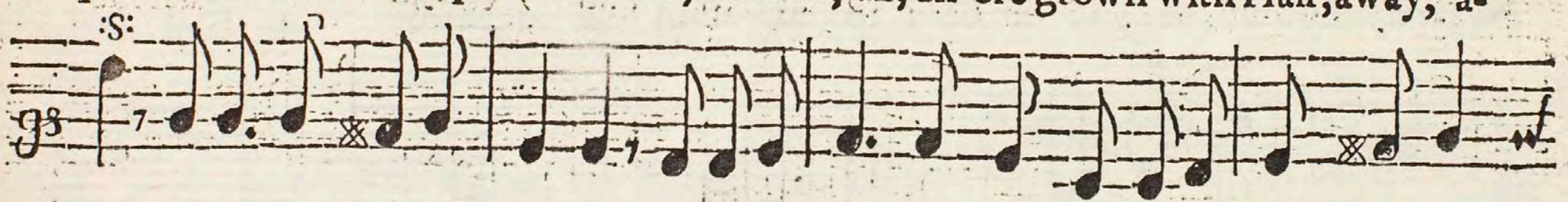
THE Millers Daughter riding to the Fair without a Saddle up-



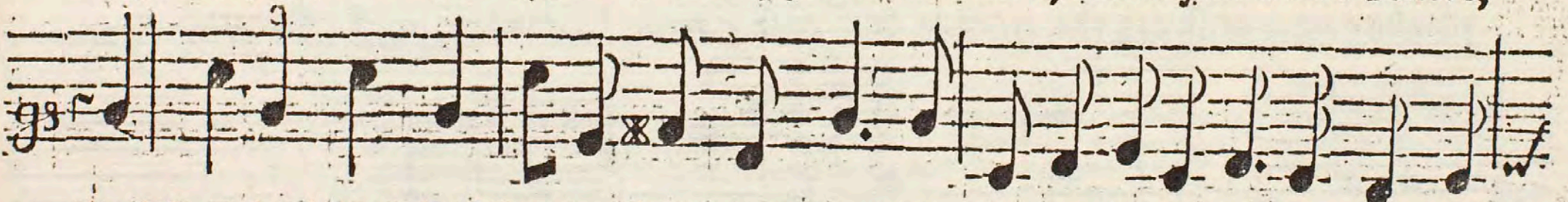
on a scut-vey Mare, Cry'd, Oh Mother I'me



quite un-done, I'me quite undone, I'me all, all, all ore grown with Hair, away, a-



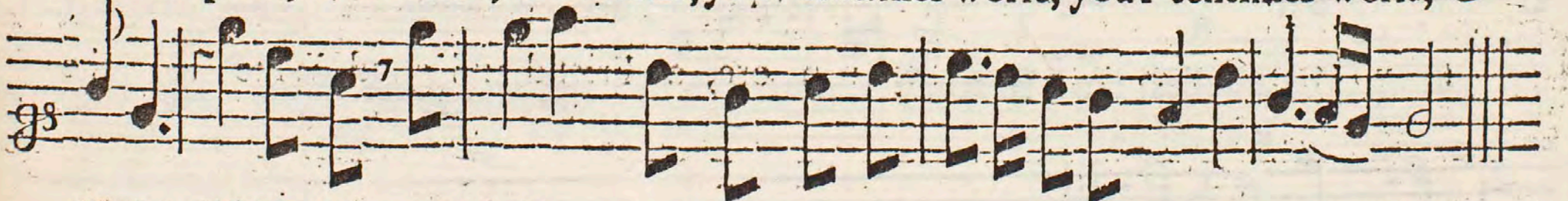
way, away you fil-ly Daughter, 'tis every She's concern, but if you won't believe,



look here, look here, look here and you may learn, then taking her a-side she made the



matter plain, O Mother, O Mother, you'r tentimes worse, you'r tentimes worse, O



Mother, O Mother, you'r tentimes worse, why sure you rid upon the Main, upon the Main.

Dr. John Blow.

[illegible]

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several measures of music with various note values, including quarter notes, eighth notes, and rests. There are also some decorative flourishes and a small 'g' with a superscript '3' at the beginning of the staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/8 time signature. The melody consists of various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are also rests and slurs indicating phrasing.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/8 time signature. The melody consists of several measures of music, primarily using quarter and eighth notes, with some sixteenth notes and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and a key signature change from one flat to two flats. The manuscript is written on aged, slightly stained paper.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation in brown ink on aged, yellowed paper. The notation includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests and a final double bar line. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and some faint, illegible markings at the bottom.

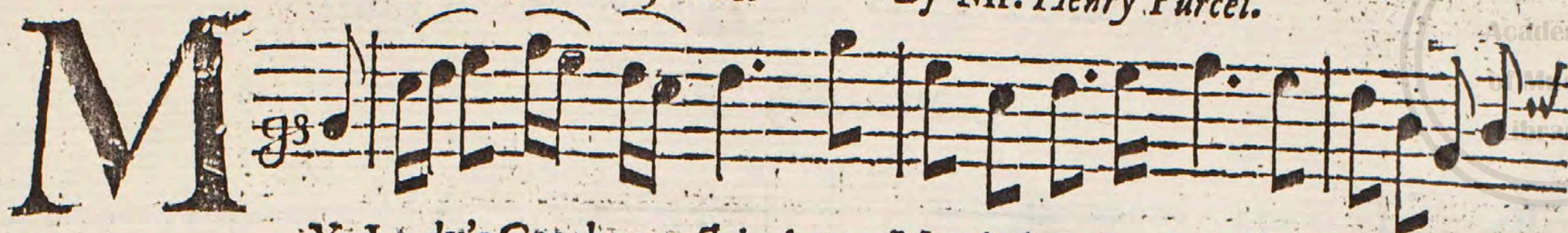
A single line of handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, many of which are beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

LONDON, Printed for John Carr at the Middle Temple-Gate, 1687.

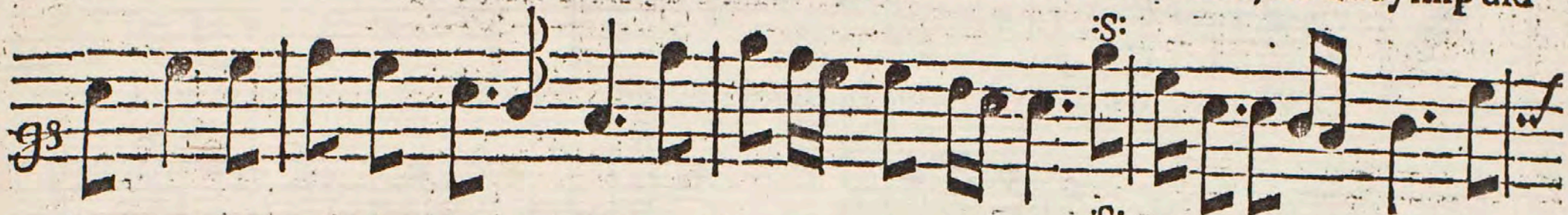
(3.)

A CATCH for 3 Voc.

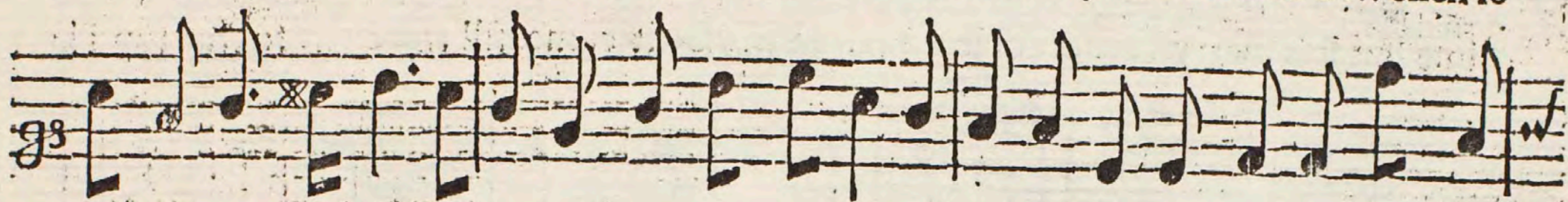
By Mr. Henry Purcel.



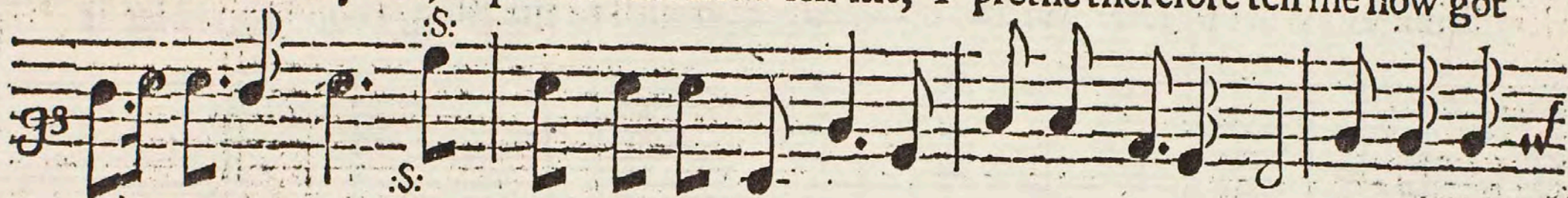
Y La-dy's Coachman *John* being Married to her Maid, her Ladyship did



hear on't & to him thus she said, and to him thus she said, I never had a Wench so



handsom in my life, I prethe therefore tell me, I prethe therefore tell me how got



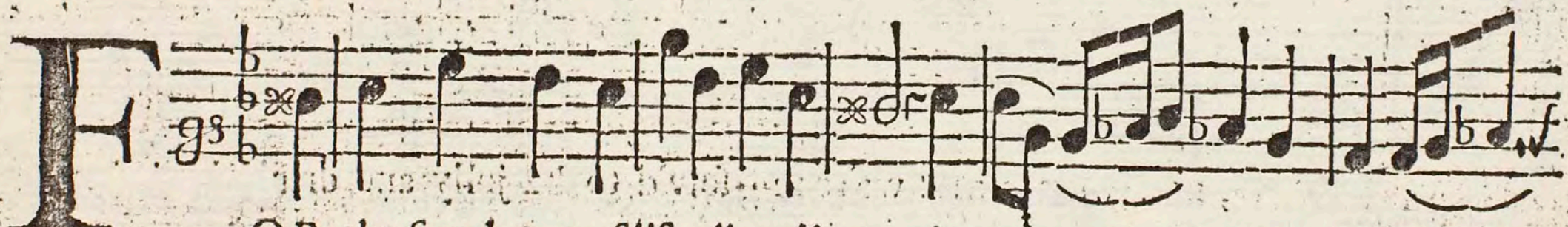
you such a Wife, *John* star'd her in the Face and answer'd very blunt, e'ne as my



Lord got you, how's that? why by the

A CATCH for 3 Voc.

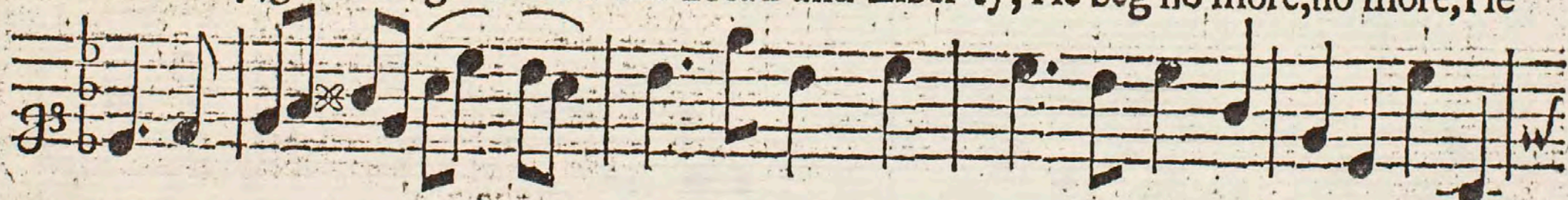
By Mr. Nicholson.



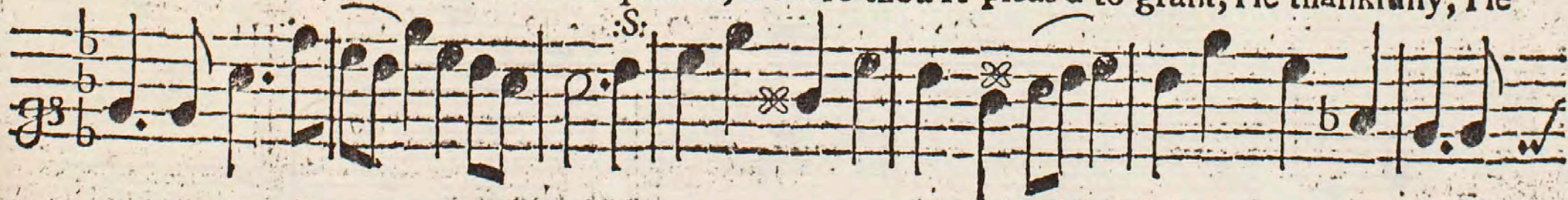
O R the few hours of life allotted me, give me great God but Bread and



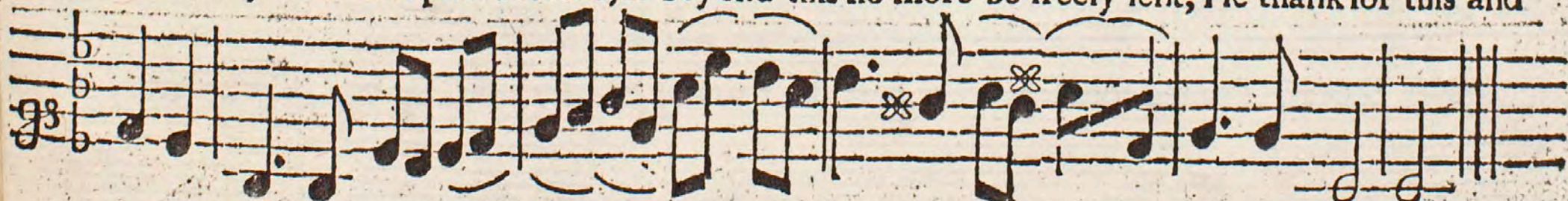
Liber--ty, give me great God but Bread and Liber-ty, I'll beg no more, no more, I'll



beg no more, if more thou'rt pleas'd, if more thou'rt pleas'd to grant, I'll thankfully, I'll



thankfully that overplus receive, if beyond this no more be freely sent, I'll thank for this and



goe a---way content, I'll thank for this and goe, and goe a-----way con---tent

A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. Henry Purcel.

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N O W, now we are met and humours agree, call, call for Wine and loose no
time but lets merry be, fill fill it a-bout to me let it come, fill the Glas to the top i'll
drink ev'ry drop *su-per-na-cu-lum*, a health to the King, round round let it
pass, fill it up and then drink it off like Men, never bauk your Glass.

A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. Snow.

N O W, now we are met we're re-solv'd to be jolly and drink this brisk
Burdeax & hang Melan-choly, then pass it a-bout its a sin thus to spare it, since
there is both Meat, Drink & Cloth in good Claret, while the zealous and dull by their
Faction's misled, know none of the Joys we have at the King's head.



and look no
to the top of the
and let it

rink this brist
hus to spare it face
e zealous and dully their
the King's head
and Tower by Tomlinson

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